

THE DIAL

A FORTNIGHTLY

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The
American

Scandinavian Review

March-April
Number

AN UNSIGNED LETTER

By Theodore Roosevelt

"It seems to me we should consider far more carefully than we have done our duty in connection with the neutral nations in immediate proximity to the European combatants: Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland and Switzerland. These are small nations of exceptionally high ethnic and cultural type. I believe that in their hearts they sympathize with us in this war. They are probably on the whole in more fundamental agreement with us, socially, politically, and in the deeper relations of life, than any of the larger continental powers."—So wrote Theodore Roosevelt in a letter published for the first time in the REVIEW. Professor W. H. Schofield, of Harvard, tells how the letter came to be written.

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THE DIAL

A FORTNIGHTLY

Labor at the Crossways

AN ENGLISHMAN WRITES, "We cannot get the hang over here of your labor movement." Apparently he has been talking with optimistic Americans and reading our press reports. From these he has learned that American labor secured unprecedented wage returns during the war; that trade union officials were granted extravagant representation on war boards and state committees; that a host of labor officials held executive jobs under the government for the administration of the war industries. All of this was represented for more than it was worth according to British labor evaluation. Union officials of Great Britain were also given administrative posts and held positions of influence for purposes of war. But these positions and the wage concessions paid British labor were regarded with a characteristic skepticism suggesting the state of mind toward industry of the British worker as it differs from our own. The American habit of mind in relation to the industrial institution is not the English; moreover, our war industrial policy was extraordinary.

In regard to the latter it will be remembered that when we entered the war we were conscious that we were late for the accomplishment of our avowed part in the conflict. If we paid sufficiently, it was argued, we stood the chance of making up for our tardiness. As a practical people we decided to pay, to pay any price that would avoid delay. The delay that was most feared was shortage in industrial output. Immediate steps were taken to insure vested interests against loss, or rather to assure them of ample reward for any cooperation they stood ready to give. Assurance was given the unions that workers would be rewarded in wages as never before. It was apparently accepted that wage payments would not meet I. W. W. requirements, so the I. W. W. was jailed. But high wage rates could be counted on to settle any difficulties that might arise with the A. F. of L., particularly if union officials were given ample representation on war industry councils. The concessions came high, but it made no serious difference what was conceded to labor while the government was the purchaser and business reaped its necessary profits. It was not as though the unions wanted to run the industries; all they asked was "a voice" and a fair wage.

Of course we wondered, while we were still at war and all the concessions were being made, what risks were in store for business when the competitive market should take the place of the assured market and bills should be paid no longer by the government. As a matter of fact we are wondering about that now more than ever. Before the armistice was signed it seemed so wonderful to have the strong arm of the state offering its protection that to many it was inconceivable that this beneficent power should be withdrawn. Now, dumb as usual, we are watching with the helplessness of little children the disintegration of the War Labor Board, the War Labor Policies Board, the failure of the Department of Labor to protect the women workers against sudden discharge, discrimination, and cuts in wage rates. These agencies I speak of particularly because their failure to survive the first murmur of peace left, with the timid who place their dependence on state machinery, a disquieting sense of the futility of government protection in labor affairs.

Nobody has seemed to know what to do about it. We are at sea: the government, the labor unions, and business. Business claimed the right to manage the situation. The national legislature was glad to shunt the responsibility, and the national administration blithely threw the problem over to the claimants. Since then events have been moving at an unwonted pace. The labor market has overflowed. The Federal Employment offices reaching up and down and across the country are clogged and unable to function as factory doors remain closed and men fail to fit the jobs that offer and the jobs fail to fit the men. We are told by the employment managers that the refusal of soldiers to go back to routine and confinement adds a new element to a situation already on the verge of breaking.

In spite of the insistence of the business men that they be allowed to resume their sponsorship over the production of wealth and resume it unhampered, the Secretary of Labor states that the statistics from the employment bureaus show that the unemployment is due not to any unusual labor surplus, but to the timidity of the business men themselves. An industrial manager said to me, "If you think that labor is without a policy and

unequal to the present emergency, I wonder what you would say of the business man if you knew him as well as I do?" With the price of raw material floating in upper regions, attainable only by government agents because they are unhandicapped as are business agents with the payment of dividends; with Mr. Gompers shouting across the continent that wage rates shall not be reduced—what can a sane business man do? He could of course treat with Mr. Gompers. It has always been the boast of the American Federation that it can treat with any sane business man.

But what the business man is now seeing, which causes his discomfort, is not Mr. Gompers, but that Specter which raised its head in Russia two years ago, which a little later faced west, crossed Europe, and passed into Great Britain. No one can say that this Specter will cross the Atlantic. But the fear that obsesses many of the business men is that cuts in the wage rates which were created in war times with the government's underwriting, might furnish the Specter its incentive for a trial trip. It is difficult to tell whether this Specter could create havoc of grave importance in America, should it make an attempt. But it has taken up its abode for the time in England, and looks so like a native there that they forget to call it by its Russian name. It has made it clear in Great Britain that its special mission is not confined to the protection of wage rates but that it is concerned primarily in jacking up labor into the belief that political states and financiers are incompetent to carry industry forward to the satisfaction of the people of any land. The most recent reports which have come from England, Scotland, and Ireland show developments which were not defined when Mr. Cole's article which appears in this issue of *THE DIAL* was written. The strikes are developing unusual significance as they are advancing. The latest reports show that the men are out for something quite different from collective bargaining between employer and employed. The most favorable settlement terms fail to bring a sense of permanent peace. A forty-hour week seems to be no greater accomplishment than a forty-eight. There are boilermakers, shipbuilders, and engineers who "impudently" assert that they are out for the control of industry, that they intend to see that it no longer pays business men to carry on. But more significant is the fact that the strikes represent a rank and file movement; that the old leaders and organizations are defied; that the movement in throwing off the old leadership has substituted an organization which has a centralizing power of its own rather than one imposed from above and existing by the weakness of its membership. The

European movement on the continent and in Great Britain is characterized by a decentralization of power and an attempt of the worker to gain status through control and self-government, in his organizations as well as in the workshop.

The intention of the American unions to form a national political party expresses a new desire for the extension of political control rather any new sense of industrial sovereignty. It will be said that the intention is to develop both. But I can find nothing in the platforms as they were issued which shows desire for change in industrial status, or interest of the unions in the extension of labor control. The platforms of the Chicago and New York trade unions, it is true, as well as a recent manifesto of the American Federation (declaring against a political party) are all opposed to the extension of privilege to corporations. They all stand for a tax on land values, but they stand for a tax as well on inheritance and incomes. In other words, they have no conception of clearing industry of legal handicaps so that it could be pursued and developed; they are not concerned, indeed, with its development. They leave development and control, as a matter of fact, to others—to any others, to the business men or to the state. There is the tacit assumption throughout that labor has no interest in the running of industry. The American wage earner, the American stockholder, financial manipulator, and employer of labor are alike concerned with the possession of goods. That is what these labor platforms are about and that is what the manifesto of the Executive Council of the A. F. of L. is about. They demand the right of organization to maintain wage rates. There is no suggestion that these organizations shall represent industrial self-government in the sense in which they use that term in Europe. The Chicago platform and the New York platform call for a democratic control of industry, but no further reading of the platforms suggests that democratic control means more than the higgling which the unions have heretofore carried on with employers—the juggling with a wage which was followed by a more skilful juggling with a market.

The Federation and these new labor parties in the states are relying on the government to regulate industry as they lay stress on a proportionate representation of labor in government administrative and legislative bodies. Such political representation might well follow an organization of industry where self-government had been effected or where labor had assumed responsibility and status in the work of wealth production. But preceding labor's industrial control and responsibility, political representation, as it is demanded in these platforms,

means labor's administration of industry through politics. Conceive for a moment the realization of this demand for political representation. The legislatures and government offices would be dominated by labor. Under such circumstances labor would block the movements of those who controlled wealth wherever such action appeared to serve the purposes of the trade unions. The situation, as we know, is inconceivable, and it is further to be considered what can be gained by a policy which depends on blocking? Is not this effort of labor to gain a strategic position through the state only another move in a defensive policy? Does it not indicate that labor is admitting weakness, is sidestepping the extension of its function from its position of routine and employment to participation in the management and control of wealth production? So far as these recent pronouncements of organized labor indicate, the union position is unchanged. Labor is to be bought and sold in the market as usual. No reiteration of the American Federation that labor is *not* a commodity can be seriously regarded while the union movement leaves the workers without status in their industry, or control in the development of the enterprise of which they are an integral part.

We have believed in our industrial institution because we were confident that our resources were unlimited, that wealth was to be had, and that sooner or later it would come our individual way. The chances were good if we could only get next to some one in power. What could a union movement do against such a cheering thought? This temper is unintelligible to our English friends: it is because of it that they cannot understand our movement or realize why it is hung up. It is hung up, but no one will predict for how long. With the government leaving industry to business men, and business men coming back for protection to the government; with a desperate cutting in wage rates in some of the industries in spite of what may happen later; with production blocked in other industries; and with food, clothing, and shelter maintaining their purchase price, will the American labor movement come down to the business in hand? Will it remain sublimely unconscious that such a thing as labor control of production is being born into the world?

Today, for the first time, organized labor has given a sign that it is conscious. Up to the present moment there was no public evidence that 2,000,000 organized workers in the United States would propose in regular form to Congress that the railroad workers of the country should take over the entire operating control and financial management of the

roads. There is no precedent in trade union practice for such an astounding proposition. There is no tradition among the wage workers in America, such as still lurks in the minds of the British, of industrial responsibility. Our American unions have not been discussing labor status as the English have. On the contrary they have displayed a marked aversion to the idea of industrial management or control. Even these same railroad workers, it is rumored, turned down a short time ago a tentative invitation to participate in the administration of the roads when the government took them over while we were at war. Today with cool confidence they make a proposition which might have sprung from any corporation that was properly endowed with its usual quota of common, preferred, and watered stock. In making their proposition they remark, or their attorney does for them, that *operating ability* is the sole capital of this corporation. Has any greater heresy than this been spoken in Russia?

The proposition wears indeed the same air of "impudence" which was objected to in England. But the animus is not the English nor the Russian. It is not impudent and is not impelled by any revolutionary thoughts or intention. Specifically it is a defensive move against the federal regulation which denies government employees the full right of organization. Although the proposition may be no more than a matter of trade-union strategy, as it comes at this time when the industrial and labor situation is highly sensitive to suggestion, it cannot fail to mark a new era in labor psychology. What will be said in the next few weeks on the question of acceptance or rejection of the proposal must inevitably leave an indelible impression on the future if not on the present policy of the labor movement.

In the first place the proposal involves a complete shift from craft to industrial unionism. It is implicit in the very statement of the proposition that industrial organization is the prerequisite of mastery and control, for the very simple reason that it is the basis of actual industrial operation. Whatever disposition is made of the scheme, the 500,000 members of the Railroad Brotherhood and the 1,500,000 members of the A. F. of L. craft unions which are involved in the proposal will all recognize that any suggestion which insures a change of status for labor or places it in a position of control will require this shift from craft to industrial organization. For the advancement of industrial unionism the event could not have been more timely. During the war the development of efficiency methods in the factory reduced many of the so-called skilled processes to mechanical operations which would fit the strength and experience of

women and young people. This dilution of skill and of male labor has its serious, direct, and obvious consequences for the craft unions.

One of the most important effects of industrial unionism is the compulsion which it imposes on labor to think in terms of the enterprise rather than the job. On the other hand, industrial unionism does not, as is often supposed, insure industrial democracy or give of necessity opportunity for self-government. In respect to the latter this scheme of the Railroad Unions furnishes a striking contrast to the English movement of the shops, which is also industrial in its direction. It is not the industrial form of organization of the shop stewards movement which gives it its democratic character; it is the desire of the shop workers to participate in industrial management. The existence of this desire in England and its absence in America is a pertinent illustration of the differences which exist in trade union psychology. The division of labor and the successful competition of machine production with hand production, of the factory with the workshop or the craftsman, never destroyed completely the British tradition that bound the workman to his industry. This tradition which has persisted for nearly two centuries without apparent warrant or value has made its contribution at last in the swift development of labor organization which is determined by the men at work in the shops. Even should this shop steward movement end without complete victory over the unionism which is superimposed, this habit of mind of the British worker toward industrial responsibility is a labor asset with which the vested interests of Great Britain will eventually reckon.

Because modern industry has made little impression in Russia, the Russian workers as a whole have never experienced an industrial environment which is as irresponsible as is our own for production. Producing wealth in Russia has always been a matter for serious concern, and the brunt of the concern as well as the labor was borne by the peasant. It is not difficult to trace the idea of industrial self-government for which the Soviet

stands to the old Zemstvos and to understand that the Russian workers are better prepared for the assumption of industrial responsibility than the workers of the United States. It is important to remember in estimating the elements which have given the workers of Russia and Great Britain their impetus for industrial democracy that in both of these countries the workers' cooperative enterprises have persisted with the strong tendency to preserve the idea of responsibility for productive enterprise which had rested with workers before the days of business enterprise.

The attitude of American labor toward production is the national attitude of giving as little and taking as much as we can get away with. This attitude is common enough in modern Europe but in America it is without inhibitions sufficiently important to have had their effect, either conscious or unconscious, on industrial responsibility. I have not space to speak of the part this attitude may play in the revolutionary changes which are apparently scheduled to come off sooner or later on this side of the Atlantic. But as industry is reorganizing for the benefit of financial interests it has become apparent that the interest of labor and its sense of industrial responsibility must be aroused if American industry is to hold its own in the world market. There is no known way of developing responsibility except by experiencing it, and this proposal of the railroad workers is the first suggestion that the unions may seriously regard themselves as responsible factors. While this proposal is not as yet representative of current thought in labor organizations, it will be received there as a highly agitating event and one with which the interests in some connection will have to deal. Today the situation is this: the officials of unions representing 2,000,000 wage workers have broken down all precedent as they have proposed in serious form to take over the management of the railroad systems of the United States. Here is adventure and imaginative matter injected at a time when suggestion counts.

HELEN MAROT.

Nocturne

When night-winds blow, I open wide
My window to the sounding seas,
And the strange sea-birds come with cries,
Their wings all wet from the wild seas . . .
(And the long-drown'd arise).

When night-winds blow, I open wide
My heart to loud and breaking seas;
Oh the strange, passionate thoughts fly near, afraid,
Their wings all wet with wild sea-water!
(And on my heart cold hands, long dead, are laid).

MILDRED JOHNSTON MURPHY.

Mr. Balfour's Charm

THE MIND of Arthur James Balfour: Selections from his Non-political Writings, Speeches and Addresses, 1879-1917 (edited by Wilfred M. Short—Doran; \$2.50) is a challenge to consider Mr. Balfour apart from his political record: as a thinker, a spirit, a personality. The two aspects of the man are not altogether separable. If the tradition of his class had not forced the languid and philosophic youth into public life, his literary record would not have forced *THE DIAL* and me to destroy white paper talking about him. He is a fascinating creature, of a fascinating entourage, but his individual importance for history lies in his policy of force and the British style of reform in Ireland—in those long years when he led either the Government or the opposition—and in his success as a diplomat in the greatest of wars. As his uncle believed in him, he was put in Parliament at twenty-six; five years later he made himself famous by applying to Ireland coercion plus sensible concrete proposals as seen by a mind bred across the Channel; and at forty-four he was prime minister. Nobody claims for him a constructive legislative record—in his three most conspicuous subjects, Ireland, education, and tariff, he solved nothing—but the House of Commons, which knows so much about England's progress, through many years loved and followed him. England always has her men of action—her Rhodes, Gladstone, Chamberlain; she has a quiet and prevailing instinct for getting things done; but her governing class also love a measured manner and calm indifference to political prizes. Sir Edward Grey's known preference for fishing over public life, the Duke of Devonshire's devotion to country occupations, Lord Salisbury's indifference, fitted the taste of an assembly of gentlemen long accustomed to rule. Mr. Balfour's manner, his love of philosophy, his rapier-like debating, his personal charm, and his courage reached the House of Commons, as they will reach some who merely read his written words. A Briton will pass final judgment on someone by saying he is the sort of man with whom one would like to go tiger-hunting. He is picturing character in an emergency, when it would stand surely to its undertaking. Nobody ever doubted Mr. Balfour's character.

This firmness is not to be exploited. Even tragedy is questionable. A perfect type of the British aristocrat has a kind of unobtrusive preference for the agreeable. "I personally like the Spring day," Mr. Balfour says, in responding to a toast to literature, "and bright sun and the birds singing,

and if there be a shower or a storm, it should be merely a passing episode in the landscape, to be followed immediately by a return of brilliant sunshine." It is not the Lear or Oedipus type. I know not how true it is, but there used to be a statement current, about the time Mr. Balfour was coming into prominence, that the most quoted book in the House of Commons was *Alice in Wonderland*, and surely there is no book that appeals more unquestionably to a high and rather late culture. The fact that the House of Commons liked it so much is not unrelated to their love of Mr. Balfour, to whom human reasoning appears much as a grotesque. This type of mind has made him more formidable in destructive criticism than in positive propaganda or enactment, and it is fit that his most notable piece of writing should be entitled *A Defense of Philosophic Doubt*. It is an entirely successful defense of philosophic doubt. It is not so conclusive a foundation for the doctrines of the established church, or for any other affirmation, nor is its successor, *The Foundations of Belief*. The ability exhibited in these volumes is forensic. The misty notions of evidence harbored by the unskilled have small chance against the writer; and his favorite target is the cruder skepticism:

Suppose for a moment a community of which each member should deliberately set himself the task of throwing off as far as possible all prejudices due to education; where each should consider it his duty critically to examine the grounds upon which rest every positive enactment and every moral precept which he has been accustomed to obey; to dissect all the great loyalties which make social life possible, and all the minor conventions which help to make it easy; and to weigh out with scrupulous precision the exact degree of assent which in each particular case the results of this process might seem to justify. To say that such a community, if it acted upon the opinions thus arrived at, would stand but a poor chance in the struggle for existence is to say far too little. It could never even begin to be; and if by a miracle it was created, it would without doubt immediately resolve itself into its constituent elements.

Hence we take our stand for Authority:

It is true, no doubt, that we can, without any great expenditure of research, accumulate instances in which Authority has perpetuated error and retarded progress, for unluckily none of the influences, Reason least of all, by which the history of the race has been moulded, have been productive of unmixed good.

"Least of all," Mr. Balfour? And again:

if we would find the quality in which we most notably excel the brute creation, we should look for it, not so much in our faculty of convincing and being convinced by the exercise of reasoning, as in our capacity for influencing and being influenced through the action of Authority.

Note the capital A. But this preference really fails at a glance. Our young chickens reproduce the

habits and conclusions of their ancestors. On the other hand, reasoning, and reasoning against the current, guided Galileo, Darwin, Socrates, and Jesus. Also if man has passed into a world unknown to apes, it is because he was able to reach a conclusion that if he put wood on fire he could maintain himself in warmth. By the heterodox has he gone forward. No doubt the first ape to walk on his hind legs was deemed an opponent of Authority and a Danger to the Community.

I would not willingly be frivolous. The Tory tradition has a role of value in the world, and it will have value in the new world that we approach. Even we democrats should welcome an intelligent questioning of democracy. There will be a new Tory party, whatever it may be called. The public is the right judge of public affairs, but the public is compelled to experiment, and it is subject to attacks of caprice, fashion, and mob despotism. The future will do something strange to Oxford and Cambridge, Heaven knows what; languid, critical charm will not mark the prime minister of 2019; but there will be other Cambridges, other Balfours, questioning the new, calm with the memory of centuries, guided (and limited) by taste. To that new Toryism let us hope that some of our best men and women may adhere. "Democracy is one of the most difficult forms of government to administer, though it be the greatest." Mr. Balfour was talking to Americans when he said that, in 1911, and he warned them that the problems of democracy are not simple; are not going to solve themselves; require the services of the best men; are of increasing difficulty; and indeed, "while the word progress is perpetually on our lips, we may yet be face to face with a danger and difficulty of which the solution may escape even the wisest."

The Tory was a person with a privilege to which was attached an obligation. He is not to be classed with the Bourbons. He recognized his obligations more than his successor in power, the captain of industry; and indeed the best of the Tories are lining themselves up with those who would shake the hold of finance. Mr. Balfour said some years ago, and his cousin, Lord Robert Cecil, has said within a few weeks, that the hope of civilization lies in actual partnership between capital and labor, not in minor concessions. Yet Lord Robert resigned from the Government on the issue of Welsh disestablishment, and Mr. Balfour fights modern education in behalf of the established church. The Tory is an extraordinarily worthy and interesting animal. *Moriturum te salutamus*. Your day is passing, but we give you our applause.

The British aristocrat, whether Tory or Whig,

has known singularly well how to fit himself to advancing circumstance. If the Bourbon forgot nothing and learned nothing, the British aristocracy renews itself with men of mark and respects in its own ranks not the wasters and the drones but the industrious and responsible. To a near relative of Mr. Balfour's I once said, "The British populace has taken over political power just about in proportion as it has needed it," and she replied, "We have given it to them." The "we" was a trifle proud, perhaps, but it is true that one of the greatest accomplishments of the ruling class in England has been in knowing when to yield. It has never sat on the lid until it was blown up. Mr. Balfour is over seventy today, and his ideas are more liberal than they were when he was twenty. Perhaps if the German aristocracy had been as sound in instinct as the British, the world-war would have had another ending, or there would have been no war. The Briton can tell pretty well the substance from the shadow. If he had been in power in Germany, and had seen his country rapidly conquering the markets of the world, he would never have given up such solid conquest for a dazzling grandiose idea. No shining armor or terrifying noises for him. He finds out what is essential and quietly makes it his. In the growth of the mighty empire the liberal and the conservative forces have kept so close together that their differences have amounted to supplement. It is even true that a large part of the progressive legislation has been enacted by the Tories. As I look back at Mr. Balfour's record, even at such parts of it as Ireland, I hesitate to dogmatize. He is always intelligent; perhaps he might admit that the more characteristic doctrines of Jesus have not shown conspicuously in his politics. This may be for him or against him, for all I know. The British Empire is a big place. It might have been smaller if only democratically and spiritually minded men had formed its governments. It certainly would have been smaller if stern men had ruled alone, for in that case South Africa would have joined Germany in this war, with what remoter consequences we know not. Possibly the combination of compulsion and freedom, of idealism and business, of skepticism and hope, that the British elector has stood for represents as sound political government as there is.

However, in insisting on Mr. Balfour's essential Toryism, we must emphasize also the superiority of his individual intelligence. Why did he cease to be the leader of his party? Why were the letters, B.M.G., "Balfour Must Go," posted over London? Who succeeded him? He lost his leadership, in the fight of a decade ago, over the House of

Lords because he was not sufficiently rigid and narrow-minded to meet the spirit of the unbending Tories. It was the Bitter-Enders, in the House of Lords contest, who threw Mr. Balfour out. Since those days the leader of the Unionists has been an industrious and mediocre business man, with no troublesome individuality, and apparently Mr. Andrew Bonar Law managed his task, before the world war and since, to the satisfaction of those immediately concerned. Mr. Balfour's reputation seemed to have started on the decline until in the war he emerged as the man most trusted in foreign diplomacy not for imagination, for conceiving or embracing a startling future, but for tact, negotiating ability, forensic shrewdness, and judgment. The acts of leadership and faith in this greatest of

all crises are not what we expect of him; but if these acts give promise it will not be in Mr. Balfour to oppose. If mankind masters itself, to settle in a better way the problems that arise between states; if Germany and Russia are made welcome partners; if the method of governing this new assembly is well advanced in liberalism; and if all countries, including Britain, are asked to make sacrifices for a success so high—facing such a world Mr. Balfour will at least acquiesce. Afterward he will go back to England, happy to spend the evening of life with books and simple exercise, but ready whenever needed to enter the ranks, and not afraid to contemplate any new world that the wisdom or folly of man may choose. A Balfour is not a Knox, Lodge, or Reed.

NORMAN HAPGOOD.

The Industrial Councils of Great Britain

READERS WHOSE knowledge of the industrial situation in Great Britain is confined to the speeches of Cabinet Ministers and the comments of the daily press are apt to imagine that a new heaven and a new earth are being created by some magical process initiated by the Whitley Report. Joint Standing Industrial Councils representing employers and employed, so the press and the politicians inform us, are being set up almost every day, and a new spirit of fellowship and good will is animating masters and workmen alike. I can only say that I have sought for this new spirit, and I have not found it. Joint Standing Industrial Councils are indeed being established in considerable numbers; but most of the vital industries have hitherto shown no anxiety to establish them, and, even where they have been established, there is not much evidence of the "new spirit" of which we hear so much. In fact, the Whitley Report, loudly as it has been acclaimed in governmental circles, has almost entirely failed to stir the world of Labor. In some industries, notably on the railways and in the big engineering group, it has been definitely rejected. In other cases it has been accepted as a useful piece of machinery, but without any particular enthusiasm, and certainly with no idea that it provides a panacea for all industrial troubles. The only case in which its adoption has been urgently pressed by the workers is that of State employees, and in this instance the urgency arises largely from the desire to use it as a means of securing full recognition and the right of collective bargaining.

The first Whitley Report, to which the later Reports are hardly more than supplements, proposes

that in the better organized industries Standing Joint Industrial Councils should be set up nationally in each industry, with District Councils and Works Councils under them. The National and District Councils are to consist of an equal representation from Employers' Associations on the one side and from Trade Unions on the other. They are to be voluntary in character, and the endowing of their decisions with any legal power is to be a matter for further consideration. The State is not to be represented, and is to appoint a chairman only when requested to do so by the Council itself. At the same time the Government has announced its intention of recognizing the Councils as advisory bodies representing the various industries, and of consulting them on matters affecting their interests.

In all this there is nothing in the smallest degree revolutionary. In most industries in Great Britain there have long existed regular means of joint negotiation and consultation between employers and employed. In some cases these have taken the form of Boards of Conciliation with agreed rules and methods of procedure; in others there have been merely regular arrangements for periodic conference. The important point is that, in the majority of organized industries, recognition of Trade Unionism and frequent negotiation between Trade Unions and Employers' Associations have long been the rule.

The Whitley Report does not in reality carry matters very much further, though at first sight it may seem to do so. It hints again and again that one of its principal reasons for urging the establishment of Joint Industrial Councils is in order to

satisfy the demand of the workers for a greater control over industry; but the actual constitutions of the Whitley Councils which have been established do nothing at all to make this aspiration a fact. They provide, indeed, for joint consideration of questions affecting the industry; but they do nothing to affect the final and exclusive control of the employer over the way in which he runs his business. I am not complaining, or saying that they could do more. I am merely criticizing the prevalent view that the Whitley Report makes a new and revolutionary departure in the sphere of industrial relations. It does not: it only regularizes and formalises a process which has long been going on in most of our principal industries, and one which would have continued whether there had been a Whitley Report or not. In fact, the control of industry cannot be altered merely by the setting up of a few Joint Committees. The control of industry rests on the economic power of those who control it; and only a shifting of the balance of economic power will alter this control. Such a shifting of power may be, and I believe is, in progress at the present time; but it is quite independent of such events as the issuing and adoption by the Government of the Whitley Report. The view most current among Trade Unionists—that the Whitley Report does not matter much one way or the other—is certainly the right one.

Nevertheless, though it is not likely to produce large permanent results, the Report has for the time being attracted a good deal of attention. Official Trade Unionism, represented by the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress, accepted it without enthusiasm and subject to its remaining purely voluntary. Even official Trade Unionism will not tolerate compulsory arbitration in any form, except under protest as a war measure. Unofficial rank and file Trade Unionism, represented by the shop stewards' movement and other agencies, roundly denounced "Whitleyism" as an attempt to sidetrack the growing movement of the class-conscious workers towards the control of industry. "Whitleying away our strength," one rank and file critic entitled his article upon the Report, and went on to urge that the capitalists, fearing the rising tide of rank and file committees, had inspired the Report in the hope of substituting for them joint committees of masters and men, and so depriving them of their dynamic and revolutionary character. The National Guilds League, also representing the left wing, declared against the underlying assumption of the Report that industrial peace is possible and desirable under capitalism, and pointed out that, whatever the merits or demerits of joint committees, they cannot provide the dynamic for securing con-

trol, or offer any alternative to workshop agitation and workshop organization for the purpose of a gradual assumption of control by the workers. Other critics, largely among State Socialists, dwelt rather on the dangers of Whitleyism to the consumer and the risk of establishing a common solidarity between employers and workers in a particular industry against the public—a risk also noted by the Guild Socialists. In fact, everywhere the left wing, and often a part of the right also, rejected the Whitley proposals.

What, then, of the Whitley Councils and other bodies on similar lines, which are being established? The first thing to notice about them is that many of them affect only small and often ill-organized groups. The Whitley Committee itself recommended the establishment of Joint Industrial Councils only in those industries in which employers and employed were comparatively well organized. For the industries in which organization was weak, it recommended the establishment of Trade Boards under the act recently passed to extend the scope of the original Trade Boards Act of 1909. Nevertheless, Whitley Councils have been established in a number of industries which cannot by any means be regarded as well organized. Instances of this are the Pottery Council and the Match Makers' Council. Moreover, Councils are being set up for certain small sectional trades which can hardly by any stretch of imagination be regarded as industries. The Bobbin Industrial Council and the Spelter Industrial Council are notable examples of this undue tendency to sectional organization. On the other hand, Councils have been or are being set up in a number of important industries, including the woolen, printing, building, baking, and other industries.

In addition to the Industrial Councils set up under the Whitley scheme, the Government, through the Ministry of Reconstruction, has established a number of Interim Reconstruction Committees, principally in industries in which the formation of Industrial Councils has not been found possible, but also in some cases for small or almost unorganized industrial groups, such as needles and fishhooks, and furniture removing and warehousing. Altogether there are about twenty Industrial Councils now in existence, and a considerably larger number of Interim Reconstruction Committees. No steps have yet been taken to extend the Trade Boards Act to new trades, unless not very definite promises to distributive workers, to tobacco workers, and to one or two other groups are treated as steps in this direction.

It is too early yet to say what the new Industrial Councils are likely to do when they get to

work. Their constitutions are, as a rule, drawn so as to embrace a large variety of purposes, without giving much indication of the course which they will actually pursue. One significant clause, which occurs in the constitution of several Councils, makes it one of the objects to maintain selling prices at a level which will secure reasonable remuneration to both employers and employees. This recalls the professed objects of many trusts and employers' combinations too closely to require detailed criticism; but it is important to note it because it is clearly based on the assumption of a common interest between employers and workers in a particular industry—a common interest which clearly may easily become anti-social in its effects, and in any case runs counter to the Socialist theory of a common solidarity of all workers irrespective of craft or industry. Apart from this provision the constitutions contain few notable features, except that in many cases the provision for District Councils and, still more, for Works Committees is allowed to fall very much into the background. All the constitutions provide for regular discussion on matters affecting the industry, and for communication with the authorities on questions of legislation affecting the industry; but it is too soon to see how this consultation will work in practice.

Apart from the Whitley Councils, there are a number of agencies at work with the declared object of promoting industrial peace. The Industrial Reconstruction Council exists mainly in order to push the ideas of the Whitley Report, and sometimes seems to acquire in the process an almost official status. The so-called "Reconstruction Society" is merely the old Anti-Socialist Union suitably disguised. The National Alliance of Employers and Employed is, directly or indirectly, an offshoot of the big employers' Federation of British Industries, and includes many prominent employers and a few well-known Trade Unionists of the right wing, among them Mr. Havelock Wilson and Mr. John Hodge. This body has so far devoted itself mainly to the question of demobilization, urging that the reconstruction of industry should be undertaken co-operatively by employers and Trade Unions with the minimum of Government interference. The Industrial League is a less formal propagandist body with much the same objects as the National Alliance. None of these bodies has secured much Trade Union backing, except among the Labor leaders of the extreme right wing. In fact all these movements for industrial cooperation are of little effect in relation to the really vital problems of industrial reconstruction. Whatever joint machinery may be set up, it seems unlikely that the gulf between employers and workers will be in any way bridged. In

almost every industry of importance the workers are already busy formulating extensive programs, embodying demands which will hardly be granted without a struggle. The railwaymen have already put forward their National Program, which includes not only the eight-hour day and heavy demands for wage increases, but also a definite claim for an equal share in the control of the railway service. The promise of the eight-hour day, already given by the Government, has staved off the crisis for the moment but has done nothing really to solve the problem. The engineering and shipyard trades, which have just received the forty-seven hour week, have an extensive list of further demands in preparation. The miners in most of the coalfields are already putting forward comprehensive programs. The cotton workers have just come through a wage crisis, and are about to put forward a claim for a substantial reduction in hours. The transport workers are formulating a series of national demands for the various sections of their membership. Nor is the position in these industries peculiar. Almost every group of workers has a long list of grievances and demands which have been perforce laid aside during the war, and all these may be expected to emerge during the next few months. The existence of Whitley Councils or Reconstruction Committees will do nothing to alter the character of the economic conflict which seems to be impending.

I do not mean, of course, that the British workers are class-conscious revolutionaries aiming definitely at the overthrow of the existing industrial order. Nor do I mean that all, or even the majority, of the demands which they are making will result in strikes. Most of them will probably be settled by negotiation, unless a general upheaval occurs. This however is nothing new. The strike has never been more than an occasional weapon, and the fact that a dispute is settled without a stoppage does not alter the fact that the terms of settlement usually depend on the relative economic strength of the parties. My point is that all the talk about industrial peace and all the action in setting up new machinery will be found to have made very little difference when it is actually put to the test. Employers and workers will continue to differ about their relative status in industry and about their respective shares of its fruits; and they will continue to settle their differences mainly by the balancing of economic forces, whether the balancing is done by negotiation or by the open force of strike or lock-out. In fact the tendency is to attach far too much importance to joint machinery such as that which is recommended in the Whitley Reports, and to forget that no amount of machinery can alter the essential facts of the economic situation.

G. D. H. COLE.

Bolshevism Is a Menace—to Whom?

WHEN TAKEN at its face value and translated into its nearest English equivalent "bolshevism" means "majority rule." Another equivalent would be "popular government," and still another, "democracy"—although the latter two terms are not so close a translation as the former, particularly not as "democracy" is understood in America.

In American usage "democracy" denotes a particular form of political organization, without reference to the underlying economic organization; whereas "bolshevism" has primarily no political signification, being a form of economic organization, with incidental consequences—mostly negative—in the field of politics.

But in the case of any word that gets tangled up in controversial argument and so becomes a storm-center of ugly sentiments, its etymology is no safe guide to the meaning which the word has in the mind of those who shout it abroad in the heat of applause or of denunciation.

By immediate derivation, as it is now used to designate that revolutionary faction which rules the main remnants of the Russian empire, "Bolshevik" signifies that particular wing of the Russian Socialists which was in a majority on a test vote at a congress of the Russian Social-Democratic Party in 1903; since which time the name has attached to that particular faction. It happens that the wing of the Social-Democratic Party which so came in for this name at that time was the left wing, the out-and-outers of the Socialist profession. And these are they to whom it has fallen today to carry the burden of humanity's dearest hopes or fears, according as one may be inclined to see it. Beyond the Russian frontiers the name has been carried over to designate the out-and-outers elsewhere, wherever they offer to break bounds and set aside the underlying principles of the established order, economic and political.

Bolshevism is a menace. No thoughtful person today is free to doubt that, whether he takes sides for or against—according as his past habituation and his present circumstances may dictate. Indeed it would even be the same for any reasonably intelligent person who might conceivably be standing footloose in the middle, as a disinterested bystander possessed of that amiably ineffectual gift, a perfectly balanced mind. He would still have to admit the fact that Bolshevism is a menace. Only that, in the absence of partisan heat, he would also be faced with the question: A menace to whom?

Bolshevism is revolutionary. It aims to carry democracy and majority rule over into the domain of industry. Therefore it is a menace to the established order and to those persons whose fortunes are bound up with the established order. It is charged with being a menace to private property, to business, to industry, to state and church, to law and morals, to the world's peace, to civilization, and to mankind at large. And it might prove sufficiently difficult for any person with a balanced mind to clear the Bolshevik movement of any one or all of these charges.

In point of its theoretical aims and its professions, as regards its underlying principles of equity and reconstruction, this movement can presumably make out about as good and wholesome a case as any other revolutionary movement. But in point of practical fact, as regards the effectual working-out of its aims and policies under existing conditions, the evidence which has yet come to hand, it must be admitted, is evidence of a trail of strife, privation, and bloodshed, more or less broad but in any case plain to be seen.

No doubt the available evidence of this working-out of Bolshevism in the Russian lands is to be taken with a much larger allowance than anything that could be called "a grain of salt"; no doubt much of it is biased testimony, and no doubt much of the rest is maliciously false. But when all is said in abatement there still remains the trail of disorder, strife, privation, and bloodshed, plain to be seen. How much of all this disastrous run of horror and distress is to be set down to the account of Bolshevism, simply in its own right, and how much to the tactics of the old order and its defenders, or how the burden of blame is fairly to be shared between them—all that is not so plain.

Bolshevism is a revolutionary movement, and as such it has necessarily met with forcible opposition, and in the nature of things it is bound to meet opposition, more or less stubborn and with more or less unhappy consequences. Any subversive project such as Bolshevism can be carried through only by overcoming resistance, which means an appeal to force.

The Russian democratic revolution of the spring of 1917 was a political and military revolution which involved a number of economic readjustments. The merits of that move are not in question here. In the present connection it is chiefly significant as having prepared the ground for the

later revolution—of November 1917—out of which the rule of the Soviets and the Bolshevik dictatorship have grown. This latter is an economic revolution in intention and in its main effect, although it involves also certain political undertakings and adjustments. Its political and military undertakings and policies are, at least in theory, wholly provisional and subsidiary to its economic program. Any slight attention to the Declaration of Rights and the provisions of the Constitution, promulgated by the All-Russian Convention of Soviets last July, will make that clear. The political and military measures decided on have been taken with a view singly to carrying out a policy of economic changes. This economic policy is frankly subversive of the existing system of property rights and business enterprise, including, at least provisionally, repudiation of the Russian imperial obligations incurred by the Czar's Government.

These documents of the Soviet Republic, together with later action taken in pursuance of the policies there outlined, give a summary answer to the question: A menace to whom? The documents in the case draw an unambiguous line of division between the vested interests and the common man; and the Bolshevik program foots up to a simple and comprehensive disallowance of all vested rights. That is substantially all that is aimed at; but the sequel of that high resolve, as it is now running its course, goes to say that that much is also more than a sufficient beginning of trouble. In its first intention, and in the pursuit of its own aim, therefore, in so far as this pursuit has not been hindered by interested parties, this Bolshevism is a menace to the vested interests, and to nothing and no one else.

All of which is putting as favorable a construction on the professions and conduct of the Bolsheviks as may be; and it is all to be taken as a description of the main purpose of the movement, not as an account of the past year's turmoil in Bolshevik Russia. But it is as well to keep in mind that the original substance and cause of this Bolshevik trouble is a cleavage and antagonism between the vested interests and the common man, and that the whole quarrel turns finally about the vested rights of property and privilege. The moderate liberals, such as the Cadets, and in its degree the Kerensky administration, are made up of those persons who are ready to disallow the vested rights of privilege, but who will not consent to the disallowance of the vested rights of ownership.

And it is at this point that the European powers come into the case. These democratic or quasi-democratic powers and their democratic or pseudo-democratic statesmen are not so greatly concerned, though regretful, about the disallowance of class

privileges and perquisites in Russia. Of course, it is disquieting enough, and the European statesmen of the status quo ante, to whom European affairs have been entrusted, will necessarily look with some distaste and suspicion on the discontinuance of class privilege and class rule in the dominions of the late Czar; all that sort of thing is disquieting to the system of vested rights within which these European statesmen live and move. But privilege simply as such is after all in the nature of an imponderable, and it may well be expedient to concede the loss of that much intangible assets with a good grace, lest a worse evil befall. But it is not so with the vested rights of ownership. These are of the essence of that same quasi-democratic status quo about the preservation of which these elder statesmen are concerned. "Discontinuance of the rights of ownership" is equivalent to "the day of judgment" for the regime of the elder statesmen and for the interests which they have at heart. These interests which the elder statesmen have at heart are primarily the interests of trade, investment, and national integrity, and beyond that the ordered system of law and custom and businesslike prosperity which runs on under the shadow of these interests of trade, investment, and national integrity. And these elder statesmen, being honorable gentlemen, and as such being faithful to their bread, see plainly that Russian Bolshevism is a menace to all the best interests of mankind.

So there prevails among the astute keepers of law and order in other lands an uneasy statesmanlike dread of "Bolshevist infection," which it is considered will surely follow on any contact or communication across the Russian frontiers. There is a singular unanimity of apprehension on this matter of "Bolshevist infection" among the votaries of law and order. Precautionary measures of isolation are therefore devised—something like quarantine to guard against the infection. It should be noted that this statesmanlike fear of Bolshevist infection is always a fear that the common man in these other countries may become infected. The elder statesmen have no serious apprehension that the statesmen themselves are likely to be infected with Bolshevism, even by fairly reckless exposure, or that the military class, or the clergy, or the landlords, or the business men at large are liable to such infection. Indeed it is assumed as a matter of course that the vested interests and the kept classes are immune, and it will be admitted that the assumption is reasonable. The measures of quarantine are, accordingly, always designed to safeguard those classes in the community who have no vested rights to lose.

It is always as a system of ideas, or "principles,"

that Bolshevism spreads by communication; it is a contamination of ideas, of habits of thought. And it owes much of its insidious success to the fact that this new order of ideas which it proposes is extremely simple and is in the main of a negative character. The Bolshevik scheme of ideas comes easy to the common man because it does not require him to learn much that is new, but mainly to unlearn much that is old. It does not propose the adoption of a new range of preconceptions, so that it calls for little in the way of acquiring new habits of thought. In the main it is an emancipation from older preconceptions, older habitual convictions. And the proposed new order of ideas will displace the older preconceptions all the more easily because these older habitual convictions that are due to be displaced, no longer have the support of those material circumstances which now condition the life of the common man, and which will therefore make the outcome by bending his habits of thought.

The training given by the mechanical industries and strengthened by the experience of daily life in a mechanically organized community lends no support to prescriptive rights of ownership, class perquisites, and free income. This training bends the mental attitude of the common man at cross-purposes with the established system of rights, and makes it easy for him to deny their validity so soon as there is sufficient provocation. And it is scarcely necessary for him to find a substitute for these principles of vested right that so fall away from him.

It is true, these prescriptive rights, about whose maintenance and repair the whole quarrel swings and centers, do have the consistent support of those habits of thought that are engendered by experience in business traffic; and business traffic is a very large and consequential part of life as it runs in these civilized countries. But business traffic is not the tone-giving factor in the life of the common man, nor are business interests his interests in so obvious a fashion as greatly to affect his habitual outlook. Under the new order of things there is, in effect, a widening gulf fixed between the business traffic and those industrial occupations that shape the habits of thought of the common man. The business community, who are engaged in this business traffic and whose habitual attention centers on the rights of ownership and income, are consistent votaries of the old order, as their training and interest would dictate. And these are also immune against any subversive propaganda, however insidious, as has already been remarked above. Indeed, it is out of this division of classes in respect of their habitual outlook and of their material interests that the whole difficulty arises, and it is by force of this divi-

sion that this subversive propaganda becomes a menace. Both parties are acting on conviction, and there is, therefore, no middle ground for them to meet on. "Thrice is he armed who knows his quarrel just"; and in this case both parties to the quarrel are convinced of the justice of their own cause, at the same time that the material fortunes of both are at stake. Hence an unreserved recourse to force, with all its consequences.

By first intention and by consistent aim Bolshevism is a menace to the vested rights of property and of privilege, and from this the rest follows. The vested interests are within their legal and moral rights, and it is not to be expected that they will yield these rights amicably. All those classes, factions, and interests that stand to lose have made common cause against the out-and-outers, have employed armed force where that has been practicable, and have resorted to such measures of intrigue and sabotage as they can command. All of which is quite reasonable, in a way, since these vested interests are legally and morally in the right according to the best of their knowledge and belief; but the consequence of their righteous opposition, intrigue, and obstruction has been strife, disorder, privation and bloodshed, with a doubtful and evil prospect ahead.

Among the immediate consequences of this quarrel, according to the reports which have been allowed to come through to the outside, is alleged to be a total disorganization and collapse of the industrial system throughout the Russian dominions, including the transportation system and the food supply. From which has followed famine, pestilence, and pillage, uncontrolled and uncontrollable. However, there are certain outstanding facts which it will be in place to recall, in part because they are habitually overlooked or not habitually drawn on for correction of the published reports. The Bolshevik administration has now been running for something over a year, which will include one crop season. During this time it has been gaining ground, particularly during the later months of this period; and this gain has been made in spite of a very considerable resistance, active and passive, more or less competently organized and more or less adequately supported from the outside. Meantime the "infection" is spreading in a way that does not signify a lost cause.

All the while the administration has been carrying on military operations on a more or less extended scale; and on the whole, and particularly through the latter part of this period, its military operations appear to have been gaining in magnitude and to have met with increasing success, such as would

argue a more or less adequate continued supply of arms and munitions. These military operations have been carried on without substantial supplies from the outside, so that the administration will have had to supply its warlike needs and replace its wear and tear from within the country during this rather costly period. It has been said from time to time, of course, that the Bolshevik administration has drawn heavily on German support for funds and material supplies during this period. It has been said, but it is very doubtful if it has been believed. Quite notoriously the Bolsheviks have lost more than they have gained at the hands of the Germans. And imports of all warlike supplies from any source have been very nearly shut off.

Such information as has been coming through from the inside, in the way of official reports, runs to the effect that the needed supplies of war material, including arms and ammunition, have in the main been provided at home from stocks on hand and by taking over various industrial works and operating them for war purposes under administrative control—which would argue that the industrial collapse and disorganization cannot have been so complete or so far-reaching as had been feared, or hoped. Indeed these reports are singularly out of touch and out of sympathy with the Associated Press news bearing on the same general topic. It appears, dimly, from the circumstantial evidence that the Bolshevik administration in Russia has met with somewhat the same surprising experience as the Democratic administration in America—that in spite of the haste, confusion, and blundering, incident to taking over the control of industrial works, the same works have after all proved to run at a higher efficiency under administrative management than they previously have habitually done when managed by their owners for private gain. The point is in doubt, it must be admitted, but the circumstantial evidence, backed by the official reports, appears on the whole to go that way.

Something to a similar effect will apparently hold true for the transportation system. The administration has apparently been able to take over more of the means of transport than the Associated Press news would indicate, and to have kept it all in a more nearly reasonable state of repair. As is well known, the conduct of successful military operations today quite imperatively requires a competent transport system; and, in spite of many reverses, it is apparently necessary to admit that the military operations of the Bolshevik administration have on the whole been successful rather than the reverse. The inference is plain, so far as concerns the point immediately in question here. Doubtless the Russian transportation system is in sufficiently bad

shape, but it can scarcely be in so complete a state of collapse as had been reported, feared, and hoped by those who go on the information given out by the standard news agencies. If one discounts the selectively standardized news dispatches of these agencies, one is left with an impression that the railway system, for example, is better furnished with rolling-stock and in better repair in European Russia than in Siberia, where the Bolshevik administration is not in control. This may be due in good part to the fact that the working personnel of the railways and their repair shops are Bolsheviks at heart, both in Siberia and in European Russia, and that they have therefore withdrawn from the train service and repair shops of the Siberian roads as fast as these roads have fallen into non-Bolshevik hands, and have migrated into Russia to take up the same work among their own friends.

The transportation system does not appear to have precisely broken down; the continuance of military operations goes to show that much. Also, the crop year of 1918 is known to have been rather exceptionally good in European Russia, on the whole, so that there will be at least a scant sufficiency of food-stuff back in the country and available for those portions of the population who can get at it. Also, it will be noted that, by all accounts, the civilian population of the cities has fallen off to a fraction of its ordinary number, by way of escape to the open country or to foreign parts. Those classes who were fit to get a living elsewhere have apparently escaped. In the absence of reliable information one would, on this showing, be inclined to say that the remaining civilian population of the cities will be made up chiefly, perhaps almost wholly, of such elements of the so-called middle classes as could not get away or had nowhere to go with any prospect of bettering their lot. These will for the most part have been trades people and their specialized employees, persons who are of slight use in any productive industry and stand a small chance of gaining a livelihood by actually necessary work. They belong to the class of smaller "middle-men," who are in great part superfluous in any case, and whose business traffic has been virtually discontinued by the Bolshevik administration. These displaced small business men of the Russian cities are as useless and as helpless under the Bolshevik regime as nine-tenths of the population of the American country towns in the prairie states would be if the retail trade of the prairie states were reorganized in such a way as to do away with all useless duplication. The difference is that the Bolshevik administration of Russia has discontinued much of the superfluous retail trade, whereas the democratic administration of America takes pains to safeguard the reasonable

profits of its superfluous retailers. Bolshevism is a menace to the retail trade and to the retailers.

Accordingly it is to be noted that when details and concrete instances of extreme hardship in the cities are given, they will commonly turn out to be hardships which have fallen on some member or class of what the Socialists call the *Bourgeoisie*, the middle class, the business community, the kept classes—more commonly than anything of lower social value or nearer to the soil. Those that belong nearer to the soil appear largely to have escaped from the cities and returned to the soil. Now, on a cold and harsh appraisal such as the Germans have made familiar to civilized people under the name of "military necessity," these "Bourgeois" are in part to be considered useless and in part mischievous for all purposes of Bolshevism. Under the Bolshevik regime they are "undesirable citizens," who consume without producing and who may be counted on to intrigue against the administration and obstruct its operation whenever a chance offers. From which it follows, on a cold and harsh calculation of "military necessity," that whether the necessary supplies are to be had in the country or not, and whether the transportation system is capable of handling the necessary supplies or not, it might still appear the part of wisdom, or of Bolshevik expediency, to leave this prevailingly *Bourgeois* and disaffected civilian population of the cities without the necessities of life. The result would be famine, of course, together with the things that go with famine; but the Bolsheviks would be in a position to say that they are applying famine selectively, as a measure of defense against their enemies within the frontiers, very much as the nations of the Entente once were in a position to argue that the exclusion of foodstuffs from Germany during the war was a weapon employed against the enemies of the world's peace.

These considerations are, unhappily, very loose and general. They amount to little better than cautious speculations on the general drift and upshot of things. On the evidence which has yet come to hand and which is in any degree reliable it would be altogether hazardous, just yet, to attempt an analysis of events in detail. But it is at least plain that Bolshevism is a menace to the vested interests, at home and abroad. So long as its vagaries run their course within the Russian dominions it is primarily and immediately a menace to the vested rights of the landowners, the banking establishments, the industrial corporations, and not least to the retail traders in the Russian towns. The last named are perhaps the hardest hit, because they have relatively little to lose and that little is their

all. The greater sympathy is, doubtless properly, according to the accepted scheme of social values, given to the suffering members of the privileged classes, the kept classes par excellence, but the larger and more acute hardship doubtless falls to the share of the smaller trades-people. These, of course, are all to be classified with the vested interests. But the common man also comes in for his portion. He finally bears the cost of it all, and its cost runs finally in terms of privation and blood.

But it menaces also certain vested interests outside of Russia, particularly the vested rights of investors in Russian industries and natural resources, as well as of concerns which have an interest in the Russian import and export trade. So also the vested rights of investors in Russian securities. Among the latter claimants are now certain governments lately associated with Russia in the conduct of the war, and more particularly the holders of Russian imperial bonds. Of the latter many are French citizens, it is said; and it has been remarked that the French statesmen realize the menace of Bolshevism perhaps even more acutely than the common run of those elder statesmen who are now deliberating on the state of mankind at large and the state of Russian Bolshevism in particular.

But the menace of Bolshevism extends also to the common man in those other countries whose vested interests have claims on Russian income and resources. These vested rights of these claimants in foreign parts are good and valid in law and morals, and therefore by settled usage it is the duty of these foreign governments to enforce these vested rights of their several citizens who have a claim on Russian income and resources; indeed it is the duty of these governments, to which they are in honor bound and to which they are addicted by habit, to enforce these vested claims to Russian income and resources by force of arms if necessary. And it is well known, and also it is right and good by law and custom, that when recourse is had to arms the common man pays the cost. He pays it in lost labor, anxiety, privation, blood and wounds; and by way of returns he comes in for an increase of just national pride in the fact that the vested interests which find shelter under the same national establishment with himself are duly preserved from loss on their Russian investments. So that, by a "roundabout process of production," Bolshevism is also a menace to the common man.

How it stands with the menace of Bolshevism in the event of its infection reaching any other of the civilized countries—as, for example, America or France—that is a sufficiently perplexing problem to which the substantial citizens and the statesmen to whose keeping the fortunes of the substantial citi-

zens are entrusted, have already begun to give their best attention. They are substantially of one mind, and all are sound on the main fact, that Bolshevism is a menace; and now and again they will specify that it is a menace to property and business. And with that contention there can be no quarrel. How it stands, beyond that and at the end of the argument, with the eventual bearing of Bolshevism on the common man and his fortunes, is less clear and is a less immediate object of solicitude. On scant reflection it should seem that, since the common man has substantially no vested rights to lose, he

should come off indifferently well in such an event. But such a hasty view overlooks the great lesson of history that when anything goes askew in the national economy, or anything is to be set to rights, the common man eventually pays the cost and he pays it eventually in lost labor, anxiety, privation, blood, and wounds. The Bolshevik is the common man who has faced the question: What do I stand to lose? and has come away with the answer: Nothing. And the elder statesmen are busy with arrangements for disappointing that indifferent hope.

THORSTEIN VEBLEN.

The Poetry of Edmond Rostand

Où fleurit le Droit?
Où luit la Raison?
C'est dans un endroit
Nommé l'Horizon.

So sang Edmond Rostand in what was to be his swan-song, published in the Mid-December number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* only a few hours after his death. In 1897 he had become famous at a stroke. His heroic-comedy *Cyrano de Bergerac* had in the opinion of the critics given back to France her birthright. It was heralded as a reaction against the depressing naturalistic drama and proclaimed as the beginning of a new literary epoch. "Quel bonheur," exclaimed the critic of *Le Temps*, "the play is graceful, it is clear, it has movement and measure, all of them qualities that characterize our race." Catulle Mendès, in a burst of ecstasy, had called Rostand a great poet, *divers, multiple, heureux, follement inspiré, et prodigeusement virtuose*. More temperate voices either were drowned in this wave of general approval or resolved themselves into the peal of laughter which greeted the absurd suit brought by a Chicago pundit to show that *Cyrano* was plagiarized from the Merchant Prince of Cornville. To all this we shall return presently. Let it be said now, without derogation, that Rostand remains in death, as in life, the "poet of the horizon." This is his distinction and his limitation. Like his own Chantecler he heralds the dawn, he does not—for he cannot—realize it. In passionate protest, the Lady-Pheasant reproves the worthy Cock with: "One is everything for a heart, nothing for a horizon"; little did she know that his view was yet to triumph. In *La Princesse Lointaine*, the weakling Bertrand says to Mélissinde: "I should fear too much to see the sail on the horizon"—symbol that it is of Rudel's love and their betrayal of it. But the great war also has its horizons. Rostand, the herald of the dawn, had lived to see France victorious. Cer-

tainly, he had done his share with the munificence of the spirit. Not only *Cyrano*, but all his plays and poems had been a rallying cry for those who despaired of the future. The celebrated "*Mais quel geste*" of *Cyrano*, after he has hurled his purse to the indigent players, is not merely *panache*, it is also the act of faith of a generous and valiant soul. "*Moi, c'est moralement que j'ai mes élégances*," says *Cyrano*, and rightly. For it was to the moral conscience of his race that Rostand made his appeal. Therefore, the lesson of the war is clear. The poem I have cited says "*Que devons-nous aux morts? Rendre leur mort féconde*"; and it triumphs with the lines:

Qu'un peuple d'hier
Meure pour demain,
C'est à rendre fier
Tout le genre humain!

Is there not discernible in the moment of Rostand's death, as throughout his life, the shielding hand of Providence?

There is no doubt that he owed much to Fortune. Born at Marseilles (1868), he was educated in Paris at the College Stanislas. There is a Provençal flavor to the tale that he urged his schoolmates to curl their mustaches before they had any—"même si vous n'en avez pas." At twenty-two he published his first poems: *Les Musardises*. Dedicated to his "bons amis les Ratés" [the unsuccessful], these early verses have a freshness, a boldness and a limpidity which made them popular at once. Immediately after their publication he married Rosemonde Gérard, his companion in letters. The refusal of a one act comedy by the Comédie française was accompanied by the request for "another act," and a week later Rostand handed M. de Féraudy the beginning of *Les Romanesques*. The performance of the latter in 1894 at the Théâtre français established Rostand's position as a writer of verse-drama.

But it was the two great actors of the Théâtre

de la Renaissance, the Divine Sarah and Coquelin, who turned Rostand's budding fame into glory. La Princesse Lointaine, despite its dramatic third act on which the masterful actress lavished all of her wonderful technique, was too subtle for "the stage optics" to win more than a *succès d'estime*. At least, Sarcey's criticism was not favorable. Two years later, in La Samaritaine, Rostand treated a religious subject which was quite beyond his poetic grasp. Thus it remained for Cyrano to produce the magic that opened the hearts of the world. Here the poet's gifts had full play. Revival to be sure, yet what a revival! We can trust Rostand's words that the idea of recreating the story of Corneille's blustering but inspired contemporary had long been slumbering in his mind. It was the contact with Coquelin and the desire to eternalize the actor in the play that impelled Rostand to put his idea into execution. In this way Coquelin became Cyrano and Cyrano Coquelin.

I wished to dedicate this poem to Cyrano's soul
But since it has passed into you, Coquelin, to you I
dedicate it.

For this reason it is so difficult, not to say impossible, for any other actor to take the part. To the French, however, the play had also a deeper significance. Granting that Cyrano is reminiscent of Gautier, Banville, and Hugo, we must not forget that it was especially Rostand's footing in the seventeenth century, the period of the Fronde, the age when France was really in the making, when the French spirit still flowed free and untrammelled by *les règles du devoir* and classical precepts, that rendered the comedy what it is to the French.

The gratitude of France won for Rostand the *croix de chevalier* the very evening of the performance. And in 1903 he entered the portals of the Academy with an address in which *panache*, the key-word of Cyrano, is wittily but euphuistically described:

Plaisanter en face du danger, c'est la suprême politesse, un délicat refus de se prendre au tragique; le panache est alors la pudeur de l'héroïsme, comme un sourire par lequel on s'excuse d'être sublime.

The rest is quickly told. L'Aiglon, written to the theme of Hugo's antithesis (l'Angleterre prit l'aigle et l'Autriche l'aiglon), was the success of Sarah Bernhardt's Hamletizing period, but for Rostand it marks a relapse into excessive Marivaudage. The 'princeling' is too shadowy a figure for a nation to whom Napoleon is an ever-present reality. As for the long-awaited Chantecler—the performance of which was delayed by Coquelin's death—it too was a disappointment. True to French tradition as the animal world is, and deeply as Chantecler's hymn to the sun stirred the audience, nevertheless the

action of the play lags; Rostand's favorite trick of playing on words—*le cliquetis des mots*—is overdone, and the disguise of the characters as birds and beasts hampers the actors in their movements.

Thus Cyrano de Bergerac remains the outstanding production in Rostand's career and work. Pellissier, who realized more clearly than the other critics the epigonous character of Rostand's art, yet cannot withhold from Cyrano the epithet of *chef-d'oeuvre*. It is true, strictly speaking, the play has but one character and that character is a type rather than a person. True too that the action does not conform to genre as well as one would expect of one of Rostand's virtuosity; the fourth act comes close to opera-bouffe in spite of the tragedy of Christian's death, while the fifth is in the tone of sentimental romance. Nor can it be denied that again and again the speeches are tours de force, clever and almost always scintillating, but often just that. Still, as was indicated above, what makes the play is the complete adjustment of the modern lyric mood to the freedom, the gaiety, the bravado of the romanesque.

And the romanesque is not necessarily the "romantic." Cyrano is no dark figure in cape and dagger like Hernani. He is not "une force qui va," a man of destiny. None of Rostand's characters are. He is simply a frondeur, an individualist if you like, but with no ax to grind; a *raté* like so many of us, because of some physical or other deformity, but taking it gaily, humorously, poetically, with a sense of hope and freshness in his heart. In comparison, the lover Rudel in La Princesse Lointaine and the Duke of Reichstadt are sublimated creatures. Chantecler alone has Cyrano's valor, his willingness to sacrifice himself for a beautiful cause, and in addition his trust in the future. "C'est que je suis le Coq d'un soleil plus lointain," Chantecler tells the doubting Pheasant. As for his song, his song of Light and the Day—"Je chante! . . . et c'est déjà la moitié du mystère."

In Rostand, then, there is fancy rather than imagination. His lyricism is optimistic, wholesome, even buoyant. It would be a profanation to call so delicate a flower great. Moreover, he came to literature via the consecrated channels of literary norms and formulas. Therein he is singularly French. His works bristle with near-quotations, as they abound in quotable lines. What Frenchman, fond of his literature, does not know the verses:

Et ma raison s'endort au bruit sempiternel,
Au bruit sempiternel des jets d'eau dans les vasques,
and admire their beauty? Thus French wit and sentiment, always so close together that they seem to merge, are reborn in the works of Edmond Ros-

tand. If others who are more materially minded had forgotten the Gallic sources of inspiration—at least, not he. So the critics realized, and so felt the French nation. The *Princesse Lointaine*—that true Princess of the Horizon—reminds her worldly lover:

"Combien dans le médiocre où vivre nous enserre,
Le sublime de cet amour m'est nécessaire."

Rostand, as we said at the beginning, is the "poet of the horizon," but of the eastern heavens, where the sun does not set but rises.

WILLIAM A. NITZE.

Rogue's March: To a Flemish Air

IT IS A GENEROUS publishing season that to *The Education of Henry Adams* and *The Great Hunger* adds *The Legend of the Glorious Adventures of Tyl Ulenspiegel* (McBride; \$2.50). Not often, one may assert, are thus coincidentally given for the first time to Americans three volumes with such a plausible air of being destined to longevity—although the cautious will affix to such assertion the "rider" that each book centers about a personality which is by way of being unfairly beguiling (in that it is a personality evocative of the reader's friendship, in the instant happy way in which people between bookcovers are privileged to establish such relations with beings less permanently bound in flesh) and so evades calm judgment. For to many of us these figure nowadays as new-found, heart-delighting, and eminently "personal" friends, this Ulenspiegel and this Peer Holm, come severally from Belgium and Norway, and this wistful Adams, lately freed from the decent reticences of living—so that we appraise them with the bias of friendship, doubtless, rather than by any code of "literary" values.

The honest can but confess as much, and must then pass on to further confession that of the intriguing trio one finds Tyl Ulenspiegel the most difficult to judge with any pretense of equity, because this Tyl is so frankly a rogue. It would be pleasant here to digress into speculation as to why in English literature there should be so few rogues portrayed full-length; and above all, as to why America, that in daily life derives such naive pleasure from being cheated by "fine business men" and "far-seeing statesmen," should have produced in its writings no really memorable rogue, with the possible exception of Uncle Remus' Brer Rabbit. But, upon the whole, it appears preferable to say quite simply that Tyl Ulenspiegel has been for some five centuries famed among the people of Belgium and the Netherlands as a sort of Dutch Figaro or Scapin—as "mischief-maker, jack-of-all-trades, and by turn fool, artist, valet and physician"; that this character was appropriated and ennobled by Charles de Coster as the central figure of a heroic romance, *La Légende de Tiel Uylenspiegel*, published in 1867, and since known as "the Bible of the Flemings";

and that this book has been recently translated into our tongue by Geoffrey Whitworth. This much it appears preferable to say as simply as possible and with frank egoism, because I am endeavoring to record my personal belief that an exceedingly splendid and great-hearted example of literary art has for the first time been rendered into delightfully adequate English; as likewise my belief that a masterpiece, such as I personally take this book to constitute, should be greeted simply, and reverently, and without vain speaking. Even to "recommend" it seems rather on a par with saying pleasant things about a sunrise.

So honest comment can but come back to this: for Tyl Ulenspiegel himself one straightway establishes a sort of peculiarly personal liking, a liking quite unbased on "literary" values, and an unmoralizing liking such as entraps you into indignation when the reforming Henry the Fifth repudiates that other not-unlovable rogue, Sir John Falstaff. "A Fleming I am," says Tyl, "from the lovely land of Flanders, workingman, nobleman, all in one—and I go wandering through the world, praising things beautiful and good, but boldly making fun of foolishness." So does Tyl describe himself, and the description is apt, as far as it reaches, but is overmodestly incommensurate to the speaker's variousness.

Thus Tyl can be upon occasion a very pretty fightingman indeed, performing salutary homicides with heroic thoroughness. Here is a random taste of his quality:

Ulenspiegel took careful aim, and with his bullet shattered the tongue and the entire jawbone of Don Ruffele Henricis, son of the Duke. At the same time Ulenspiegel brought down the son of the Marquess Delmares, and in a little while more the eight ensigns and the three cohorts of cavalry were thoroughly worsted. The prisoners imagined that some angel from heaven, who was also a fine marksman, had descended from the sky to aid them, and they all fell upon their knees.

Such a deduction was natural enough, to illiterate prisoners; but the erudite will recognize forthwith the authentic manner of a national hero; for thus it was that Roland laid about him at Roncevaux, and in very much this fashion did Achilles choke Scamander with slain Trojans.

So much of physical prowess one has the fair and

ancient right to expect of a national hero. But quite another facet of the jewel is the roguish, not at all "heroic" Tyl who delights in jokes that are not always pre-eminent for delicacy. Then, too, although Tyl is—of course—devotedly attached to the fair Nele, and their marriage at the end of his wanderings is a foregone conclusion, nobody can expect a rogue meticulously to emulate Joseph. And Tyl, be it repeated, is frankly a rogue. One therefore must regard with equanimity the Walloon maiden to whose house Tyl went to sing some Flemish love-songs which, what with one thing and another, were not ended until midnight. Then there was the beautiful, gay-hearted dame whom Tyl guided to Dudzeel; in all dealings with young men she abhorred in particular the sin of cruelty, and so Tyl left her with flushed cheeks but not displeased. Moreover, there was the Comtesse de Meghen, another benevolent lady, who offered Ulenspiegel hospitality, in the to him inadequate form of ham and *bruinbier*. "Ham!" he cried, "that is good to eat, and *bruinbier* is a drink divine. But blessed above all men shall that man be to whom it is given to dine off thy loveliness." "How the fellow does run on!" she exclaimed; and then: "Eat first, you rogue!" "Shall we not say grace 'ere we consume all these dainties?" said Ulenspiegel. "Nay," answered the lady; and presently congratulated Tyl, as in nothing resembling her husband. In fine, Tyl marches, in the pride of youth, about a world of brightly colored and generous women, and graces a world wherein he displays as much continence as appears consistent with politeness, and wherein Joseph, in the final outcome, could not manage to combine these virtues.

So likewise this rogue marches, with chance for guide, about a world that even then was ruled by folly and bigotry; and he treads blithely, as befits "a master of the merry words and frolics of youth," in shadowed places where his gibbeted kindred swing between him and the sun. For the ashes of a martyred father lie upon Tyl's breast without at all oppressing a heart whose core is roguishness. Therefore in the presence of injustice

Tyl Ulenspiegel does not slink, not even into drawing morals; instead, with chance for guide, he marches. For those who would wrong him his eye and tongue and sword stay equally keen, and the rogue knows these weapons to be in the long run sufficient; meanwhile, that there should be overtroublesome fellows to be killed now and then is as naturally a part of wandering as that there should everywhere be girls to be kissed and flagons to be emptied, and songs to be made beyond any numbering, but never the last song. So the rogue marches and puts all things to their proper uses. And the heart of the reader, given something better than the heart of a flea, goes out to this resistless rogue.

It is around this sprightly figure that De Coster has woven (cotemporaneously, it is bewildering to reflect, with the weaving of a dreary mystery about one Edwin Drood) a romance as cruel as life and considerably gayer. Somewhat to deviate metaphorically, in this tale of fifteenth century Flanders under the yoke of Spain and the Holy Inquisition, De Coster has builded a story that is not unlike a time-mellowed cathedral, with the gentry about their devotions, and with peasants joking on the porches, and with a stately organ music accompanying both aspiration and laughter; a cathedral, too, that is no less opulent in glowing paintings than in captivatingly hideous gargoyles. And here again one is tempted to expatiate concerning these gargoyles as, say, upon the chapter that depicts the death of Charles the Fifth and his trial in heaven; or perhaps upon Tyl's hunting of the werwolf; or else to dwell upon that really intolerable "catharsis by pity and terror," when Katheline the good witch attempts to share her cup of cold water with Joos Damman in the torture chamber—although this last is a stroke of genius with which perhaps no author has the right to unsettle his reader.

Yes, one is tempted to expatiate. But once more it appears preferable to remember that a masterwork should be greeted simply, and reverently, and without vain speaking.

JAMES BRANCH CABELL.

Bridges

A hundred bridges over the river—
And never a bridge to you,
Not one.
Ah, but was it a river—
The deep, dark hole where they took you.
Too deep, too far, too dark
For a bridge!
A hundred bridges over the river,
And not one bridge to you!

ANNETTE WYNNE.

Letters to Unknown Women

THE AMARYLLIS OF THEOCRITUS

TO AMARYLLIS:

You cannot have known, O white violet of Sicily, that immeasurable tedium and exhaustion which weighs upon those who endure today the tyranny of existence. Certainly the poet who created you from his yearning for the valleys of Sicily in the dust and clatter of Alexandria would understand us, but you, whom he created free from that malady, saw life with eyes not feverish as ours are. It is your exquisite animality, with perfect freedom from self-consciousness, which makes us love you.

Your presence is as soothing to our wearied desperate souls as white violet petals pressed against tired eyes.

We are not of those who, by some sudden deed or by a life of activity, impress their personality upon centuries. We think in millions and act in millions; we know with only too dread a certainty that each and every one of our acts is imitated, unconsciously and precisely, by thousands about us. We have just a slim thread of that divine common sense your Athenians called "Pallas," which prevents our falling into uncouth extravagances or dissonant obstinacies, as some do, to avoid the banality of this vast mediocrity. We are cut off from almost every exercise of talent or power which would satisfy us. Who speaks of Euripides to the Beotians?

We are driven back upon a form of existence which has been named "the life of imagination"—a weak substitute for that bright burning life you lived—a life we liken from our darkness to a clear gold flame. It seems the only existence compatible with calm and intelligence, two qualities you could not fail to appreciate. But even the exercise of that faint simulacrum of your intensity is denied us now. We had willingly abandoned most of those actions and possessions which men consider desirable, so that we might possess full liberty within that shadowy but vast world which was ours. But through a disastrous sequence of events which no wisdom could foresee or cunning provide for, we are deprived even of that which we had, and are abandoned helpless, or nearly so, to the vulgar instincts of mob passion and control. Ah, Amaryllis, those who gave Socrates the hemlock were merciful; and did Hyacinthus die today, we should feel through our sorrow a kind of gladness and gratitude to that jealous blast of wind.

We know, O Sicilian, that your life was impossible, a dream, that you are the product of a sick

imagination; but for that very reason you burn like a flame before us, you seduce us, you entrance us, you are mysterious as a flower, you are the unknown. In the midst of our incredible helplessness your beauty makes one clear ray. Because, for your sake, the singers contended upon the slopes of Aetna, among the still valleys, beside the cold brooks, life is not utterly valueless to us.

For your sake the first narcissus of the year catches our hearts with a sudden new beauty; because of you the five-petaled roses along our northern hills become doubly lovely. With such roses you bound your dark hair; such narcissus flowers you laid upon the altars of your half-gods. And through you also we understand the correspondence between love and flowers, we feel suddenly the presence of gods. We stagger through life blindly; we fumble among half-perceptions, half-desires. But with the dear melody of your speech in our ears there are moments when the world becomes clear. We perceive for a flash that there is more truth in your simplicity than in the subtilty of all our learned men and women. We come to value kindness and simplicity above almost all other qualities. You give us, just for a moment, the power to reach that blitheness which for you was natural, for us an effort. We are seduced—yes, literally seduced by a glimpse of brown breasts and by a snatch of shrill song—from our gloomy struggle, our perpetual fronting of grim unknown forces. Our universe shrinks from an overwhelming vastness to your pastoral shores; our desperate fever yields to the touch of your hand. We see that there is more beauty in one wreath of your perfect, conventional flowers than in all our intellectual striving. We leave the great gods for the less, content to realize that indeed there is a spirit in an oak and a white girl in a brook rather than to search vaguely for the "deus ignotus."

There was a learned man of our country who was so stirred by your poets that he spent many months alone in your woods and saw the white nymphs flitting from tree to tree, heard with awe the rush of Artemis' hounds and the sough of her shafts through the pine boughs, watched the daughter of the Earth-Shaker sitting at night upon weeded rocks above cool water. His name I have forgotten; I have never seen the strange book he wrote after those mysterious days; but it is happiness to know that he also is your lover and knows the Sicilian singing.

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

Louis Couperus and the Family Novel

THE FAMILY novel as distinguished from the heroic has an equally honorable lineage. Undoubtedly the first principle of structure recognized in fiction was the persistence of the hero, usually in a series of enterprises which took him far from home; but when the chronicler of a more sophisticated day sought to deal with man in society, he naturally chose as his unit the immediate form of grouping known to him, and we have the family dramas of the House of Atreus and the House of Oedipus. When the novel succeeded in modern times to the place of the epic we have the same opposition. Early novels followed the simple heroic type. Indeed, in the popular form of the picaresque novel the hero was separated from his forebears as soon after birth as was consistent with survival—what do we hear of the family of Lazarillo de Tormes or Moll Flanders?—and proceeded to weave for himself a pattern of adventure quite independent of organized society. With greater sophistication on the part of the novelist the family background plays an increasingly important role. The first part of Pamela is of the heroic type: the second part of the family. Fielding after Joseph Andrews and Tom Jones achieved a family novel in Amelia. In Tristram Shandy the flagrant omission of the hero leaves what pattern there is to be supported by the Shandy family. In the nineteenth century the romantic novel tended toward the heroic, with its picaresque variant; the novel of manners toward the family type. Jane Austen set her heroines in families; and in Thackeray families persist from novel to novel, giving a sense of social fabric to the whole of his work. In *The Newcomes*, indeed, he gives a family the power of a chief and determining character—a position analogous to Nature in Thomas Hardy—and it may be said comes near to creating a family novel in the true sense.

Only with the artistic concentration and technical self-consciousness of very modern work do we reach the true family novel—that in which hero and heroine disappear as types and are merged in the background, and their family group becomes the recognizable entity in which the characters live and move and have their being. One does not readily find examples of such concentration and self-consciousness in English fiction, but two instances in continental fiction emerge—*Buddenbrooks* by Thomas Mann and *Books of the Small Souls* by Louis Couperus. (*Small Souls, The Later Life, Twilight of Souls*, and *Dr. Adriaan*, translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos—Dodd Mead; \$1.75.) In the former the family lives though the characters die—

lives from the end of the Napoleonic era through four generations of births, marriages, scandals, and deaths. The center of this life is the family business, in the old Hanseatic city of Lubeck, and the family fortune. Though Lubeck was out of the main current of events, scarcely shaken by the Revolution of 1848, and prudently avoiding the fate of Frankfort in 1866, it affords an excellent vantage ground whence to follow the development of Germany politically, economically, culturally. The Buddenbrooks did not keep up with this expansion; they were small people, well fitted to play their part with dignity in old Germany, quite unfit for it in the new. They perished in sign that the old Germany had passed away.

Couperus has chosen another pattern: he has arranged his characters, also four generations, like stars in their orbits about the ancient mother of the race, Mamma van Lowe, widow of a former Governor General of Java, who lives alone in her mansion at the Hague, and draws her family about her every Sunday night. These reunions recur throughout the four volumes and remind us, if need were, of the fact that this multitude of small souls lives chiefly in the family. There is Bertha, the eldest daughter, married to van Naghel van Voorde, Secretary for the Colonies, the only one of her children who recalls to Mamma van Lowe her own former state—and her children, Otto, and Louise, Henri and Emilie, Marietje and Marianne and Karel—the fourth generation appearing in Otto's children. There is Adolphine Saetzema, eager to rival her sister's position with only an under secretary for husband, and an unkempt brood of girls and boys. There is Gerrit, Captain of Hussars, married to plump bread-and-butter Adeline who has brought him nine children; there is Karel who lives in selfish sloth with his stupid wife Cateau; and Paul, the exquisite; and Ernst, the connoisseur; and Dorine, who flits about, messenger of the family. And there is Constance, brightest star of all, who had married her father's friend De Staffelaer, ambassador at Rome, and then shot madly from her sphere into intrigue, scandal, and divorce; had been raised thence only by a marriage of reparation with her lover Henri Van der Welcke, and who comes at the opening of the first volume with her son Addie to revolve again, with tarnished glory and in remote orbit, among her sisters and brothers. There is Mamma van Lowe's brother, Uncle Ruyvenaer, and his half-caste family with their East Indian words and ways and food; and her two old sisters, the Aunts Rina and Tina who,

deaf and half-witted, sit on Sunday evenings at opposite sides of the conservatory door, and shriek scandal.

So resolute is Couperus in the enforcement of his formula that scarcely a person is mentioned who is not of the van Lowes or connected with them by marriage or domestic service. We hear of the world of people only as it looks on the family drama or comments and gossips. Like the Buddenbrooks, the van Lowes are little people, living out the life of a family the initiative impulse of which has passed away. And yet, through them we feel the very essential things in Dutch life and culture, not historically, through the development of an epoch of political creation, but statically, as befits a nation retired from business and living in the suburbs of the world, intent on its own comfort and well-being. Now and then there comes a breath from over-seas, from the Indies, reminiscent of the adventuring days of the race and the glory of the family when Grand-papa van Lowe was Governor General in his palaces at Batavia, and Buitenzorg; reminiscent also of the source of the income which gives the nation and the family their patent of respectability as of the leisure class. But this only serves to emphasize by contrast the dull monotony of the world in which they live. We feel the ease and well-bred indolence, the triviality and mechanical precision of life, the lack of creation and ambition, the morbid fatigue which takes possession of the consciousness. There is no career for the boys to choose except in one of the various routines; there is none for the girls except to marry into one. There is no outlet for artistic impulse except Ernst's collection of bibelots and Paul's effort to keep himself clean. When Emilie and her brother Henri revolt and flee to the Bohemia of Paris, it is to a bizarre mockery of art; she paints fans and he becomes a clown. On such a stage the motives and passions sink to a Lilliputian scale. Couperus has written a family novel of small souls clinging pitifully together; he has written likewise a national novel, an argument against the right of self-determination of small nations.

Among these characters it is impossible to say that any one has preeminence, nor is there any sustained plot. The personal title makes Dr. Adriaan, Constance's son Addie, the hero of the last volume, as throughout he has been the rising hope of the family, but even here his emphasis is not unduly great. Instead of a plot, or a predominance of character, Couperus has elaborated a structure depending on the recurrence of themes as in a symphony. Small Souls begins with the sin of Constance, brought home to her after twelve years as she rejoins the family circle, and this theme is sounded through the different characters, each responding with a single-

quality as recognizable as that of a musical instrument—in the clear, boyish honesty of Addie, in the whining gossip of Karel and Cateau, in the vindictive jealousy of Adolphine, in the selfish caution of Bertha, in the screams of the ancient aunts. The Later Life is built on themes of passion, the tender wistful love of Henri van der Welcke for Marianne van Naghel, and of Constance for Brauws—loves more pitiful because born of small souls and destined to such brief bloom. And these themes again are sounded by character after character as in strings, woodwinds, and brasses. The Twilight of Souls is a madness—Ernst going mad with fear for the souls imprisoned in his vases, Gerrit, the brawny hussar, with horror of "the great fat worm, a beastly crawling thing which rooted with its legs in his back and slowly ate him up, the damned rotten thing." The two strains mingle and respond—Ernst's thin, anxious treble, and Gerrit's deep, tortured bass, which falls at least into broken, childish quavers and finally to silence. And in Dr. Adriaan there is weariness and calm—soft with subdued pathos and monotonous melancholy. The old themes are recalled and repeated but they have lost their tragic import. Nothing matters—nothing but rest. And at the end the old Mamma van Lowe dies. It is a symphony pathétique, with its four massive subjects, sin, love, madness, rest, rendered in four movements—allegro non troppo, andante cantabile, scherzo feroce, and adagio lamentoso.

As the human background of Dutch life and interests is implicit in the Books of Small Souls, so without formal description the Dutch landscape is everywhere present, its flatness and humility in physical congruity with the beings that crawl upon it. And the weather is a perpetual reminder of the melancholy of the Northland. The first words of Small Souls are: "It was pouring with rain," the rain in which Dorine had gone about to collect her brothers and sisters for Constance's home coming. It was raining at the beginning of The Twilight of Souls when Dorine appears to summon Gerrit to Ernst's help. It was raining when Constance went to Driebergen to be forgiven by Henri's dying mother:

It had rained steadily for days upon the dreary wintry trees, out of a sky that hung low but tremendously wide and heavy, as oppressive as a pitiless darkness. The day was almost black. It was three o'clock, but it was night; and the rain, grey over the road and grey over the houses and gardens, was black over the misty landscapes which could be dimly descried through the bare gardens. The dreary trees looked dead and lived only in the despairing gestures of their branches when a wind, howling up from the distance, blew through them and moved them.

It was mist through which the stricken Gerrit wandered while the worm ate deeper into his back:

The clouds seemed to be bending over the town in pity, an immense, yearning pity which turned into a desperate

melancholy while Gerrit hurried along with his great strides; the wintry trees lifted their crowns of branches in melancholy despair; the rooks cawed and circled in swarms; the bells of the tram-cars tinkled as though muffled in black crepe; the few pedestrians walked stiffly and unnaturally; he met ague-stricken black-clad figures with sinister, spectral faces: they passed him like so many ghosts; and all around him, in the vistas of the woods, rose a clammy mist in which every outline of houses, trees and people was blurred into a shadowy unreality.

It is wind and cloud which emphasize the pathos of the humble landscape at the beginning of Dr. Adriaan:

The afternoon sky was full of thick dark clouds, drifting ponderously grey over almost black violet; clouds so dark, heavy and thick that they seemed to creep laboriously upon the east wind, for all that it was blowing hard. In its breath the clouds now and again changed their weary outline, before their time came to pour down in heavy straight streaks of rain. The stiff pine-woods quivered, erect and anxious, along the road; and the tops of the trees lost themselves in a silver-grey air hardly lighter than the clouds and dissolving far and wide under all that massive grey-violet and purple-black which seemed so close and low. The road ran near and went winding past, lonely, deserted and sad. It was as though it came winding out of low horizons and went on towards low horizons, dipping humbly under very low skies, and only pine-trees still stood up, pointed, proud and straight, when everything else was stooping. The modest villa-residence, the smaller poor dwellings here and there stooped under the heavy sky and the gusty wind; the shrubs dipped along the roadside; and the few people who went along—an old gentleman; a peasant-woman; two poor children carrying a basket and followed by a melancholy, big, rough-coated dog—seemed to hang their heads low under the solemn weight of the clouds and the fierce mastery of the wind, which had months ago blown the smile from the now humble, frowning, pensive landscape. The soul of that landscape appeared small and all forlorn in the watery mists of the dreary winter.

It is snow which falls like a pall and marks the bitter peace of the winter of souls.

Days had come of endless flaking snow; and the hard frost kept the snow tight-packed in the garden, alongside the house, the silent, massive building whose thick white lines stood out against the low bending snow-laden skies: one great greyiness from out of which the grey of the snow fell with a sleepy whirl until it was caught in the grip of the frost and turned white, describing the outlines of villa-houses and the branching silhouettes of black and dreary trees with round soft strokes of white. The road in front of the house soon soiled its whiteness with cart-tracks and footprints; and with the snow there fell from the sky, like so much grey wool, the pale melancholy of a winter in the country, all white decay and white loneliness: days so short that it seemed as though the slow hours slept and, when awake, but dragged their whiter veils from grey dawn to grey twilight, so that dawn might once again be turned to night. And the short days were like white nights, sunless, as though the light were shining through velvet, velvet cold as the breath of death, the breath of death itself, striking down and embracing all things in its chill velvet.

As the characters appear like musical instruments in an orchestral composition, so such passages as these represent the great bursts of sound of the organ, more frequent and sustained and overwhelming as the finale comes to its close.

The Small Souls series is not the only example that Couperus has given us of the family novel. In *Old People and Things that Pass* (translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos—Dodd Mead; \$1.75) two characters detach themselves more decisively from the background than any in *Small Souls*, the old grandmother Dercksz, and her lover Takma. But these figures are static, fixed as the result of the spell laid on them by their crime; the action of the story evolves in the learning of this crime by their descendants, and the learning that the others know. Slowly and fatally the guilty secret which has been kept for sixty years makes its way until the circle is complete. By virtue of this plot the novel is more concentrated than *Small Souls*, and the characters are presented with a bolder outline, physically and spiritually. There is no portrait in *Small Souls* of such definiteness as this of Anton Dercksz, whose aged sensuality has taken refuge in his mind.

He grinned, with a broad grin. He sat there, big and heavy; and the folds and dewlaps of his full, yellow-red cheeks thrilled with pleasure at her outburst; the ends of his grey-yellow moustache stood straight up with merriment; and his eyes with their yellow irises gazed pensively at his sister, who had never been of the flesh. What hadn't she missed, thought Anton, in scoffing contempt, as he sat bending forward. His coarse-fisted hands lay like clods on his thick knees; and the tops of his Wellington boots showed round under the trouser-legs. His waistcoat was undone; so were the two top buttons of his trousers, and Stefanie could just see his braces.

On the other hand the natural background is entirely suppressed. Once more a single family is sufficient to itself—except Takma almost the only intruder is Dr. Roelofs, and he by sharing the knowledge of the crime has likewise shared in the love of the woman who inspired it. Again through a single family we gain a vivid impression of Dutch life, its local concentration varied by a sterile cosmopolitanism—Therese, one of the daughters, is a nun at Paris; Ottilie, a granddaughter, lives with her Italian lover at Nice. As in *Small Souls* the structure is musical—the variations of the theme of antique crime as it is sounded in the characters, quavering in the strings, sobbing and groaning in the winds and brasses; with passages of tender joy—as where the great great grandmother embraces the babies, the fourth generation of her body—alternating with those of horror when she sees with her terrible second sight the form of her murdered husband. That Couperus should have solved so completely the artistic problem of the family novel in the four books of *Small Souls* is a wonderful achievement: that he should have repeated the performance in a single volume marks him as a technician of the highest power—a virtuoso.

ROBERT MORRIS LOVETT.

The League and the Instinct for Competition

IN A MOMENT of relaxation, and distinctly not for publication, a well-known defender of corporations from the Sherman Anti-Trust Law said to me recently: "I have come at last, after ten years of fighting it, to perceive that the Sherman Law represents a more or less permanent instinct in the common run of American people. I do not believe it will ever be repealed, and I believe it is hopeless to fight it." Occasional appearances before Congressional Committees, the Federal Trade Commission, and other bodies to debate matters involving the principles of competition have given me inklings of the truth and profundity of this opinion. The mass of men are combative and competitive in instinct, and they distrust and fear any and all combinations, even government centralization of power. They feel safest when they buy from small competitors vying with each other; they revel in contest in all matters political and commercial; in athletics and in love. The very doom of autocracy consists to a certain extent in its fixity and lack of contest. There are no excitements in America equal to those inspired by four typical competitions—a presidential election, business, baseball, and until recent years the pugilistic championship. The cockfight and counter revolutions in Mexico, bullfights in Spain, politics in England, bristling war preparation and economic penetration in Germany—these have been elemental competitive matters closest to the common heart. Average mankind adores competition; is uneasy without it; hugs it, indeed, with almost the love of a tippler for his flask!

America is very especially addicted to competition, because of its individualistic traditions. The feud and turmoil between politics and business in the past twenty years have been due largely, I verily believe, to the collision between the inveterate instinct for competition on the part of the common people and the natural tendency of brains to appreciate cooperation and combination. There is no immediate hope that America will change greatly in this respect, nor is there any indication that competition between nations after the war will be less than before the war. On the contrary there are many signs of a strongly renascent nationalism. It is well, therefore, to introduce a note of caution in the high hopes of idealists and intellectuals for approaching a millennium through the gateway of a League of Nations or after-the-war reconstruction.

There is an impending tragedy in the development now growing before our eyes—the sharpening up of the instinct for competition among nations.

Even though it is now economic instead of military, already it is compressing seriously the idealistic hopes for the League of Nations. Every European country, great and small, is literally "on its toes" with economic ambition made all the more formidable by a national integration heightened enormously by the war. There are going to be a great many disappointed intellectuals everywhere, even under the most favorable outcome, because the new nationalistic aspirations, freed and stimulated by the passing of autocracy, turn instinctively to economic contest, to economic self-determination. In a competition between instinct and brains, popular instinct will inevitably be the master, since in a democracy it usually gets its way. And that popular instinct for competition is not ready, I fear, for the nationalistic sacrifices necessary for an economically integrated world—for competitions of a more sublimated kind.

As a matter of fact it may safely be predicted that the intelligent constructive minds of the world, in their work for a League of Nations of broad scope inclusive of the all-important economic elements, *will now run up against a veritable unwritten Sherman Anti-Trust Law among the peoples of the world.* In other words, the universal human instinct for competition and against organized combinations will very likely stubbornly balk the formation of what might be the great master combination of all history, in the same manner and for the same reasons that the antiquated and stupid Sherman Law has balked wise and honest combination in America.

The common run of people and nations do not believe what they do not see; do not trust organizations because they are abstract. Only the Germans, with their genius for abstraction, could thoroughly visualize even the State. It has taken the war to teach other countries nationalism. And, though it has also taught some internationalism, it is without the same enthusiasm. The individual—whether man or nation—remains the most dramatic and effective unit on the stage of consciousness, because the common man knows how an individual feels and moves and does. A great corporation is a logarithmic abstraction to the common intelligence, hated and distrusted because it is both superhuman and often inhuman. A League of Nations will be a veritable fourth dimension conception to the average mind, and whatever part of its logical scope and outline will finally be agreed upon will need desperately to be "sold" and kept "sold" continuously to the people of the world if it is not to suffer the

disaster of innocuous desuetude or worse. Strong counteracting efforts will be necessary to remove the curse of abstraction from such a League and give it some of the strength arising from competitive incentives. The streams of competition are already racing through the national sluiceways with a swirl that will rise to a roar of elemental power as soon as all the dams of war are removed. This most formidable commercial and industrial nationalism, which is mobilizing itself within all such nations as have remaining any mobilizing power whatever, must now, if ever, be led toward constructive international competitions.

The present policy of individual nations is essentially one of economic self-determination, or as our Department of Commerce reports it—the word in itself is a condemnation—"economic self-sufficiency." As such it represents virtually a nationalistic preparation for economic battle; represents a conviction that nations must hereafter be not more, but less, dependent upon any other nation or group of nations. Never again, such nations virtually proclaim, shall we be surprised in a condition of dependence upon other nations for vital "key" products. Social cost and international efficiency and logical subdivision of world tasks are as nothing in this intense nationalistic view. Except that it is economic, the spirit of this resolve is nevertheless militaristic in principle, even though purely defensive. *It is flatly antagonistic in spirit to the principle of a World State and disarmament, and as such breathes the same old instinct for competition; comprises, in unwritten essence, a universal Sherman Anti-Trust Law standing in the way of a real League of Nations.* It amounts to the substitution of economic armament for military armament.

It is doubly formidable, and withal contradictory, in that it aims to use the powerful tool of internal combination to attain nationalism following the plan of German state-fostered combinations for competing with other nations. England is earnestly urging her industries to combine as a national unit to meet the foreign competitor, saying that England's industries, disunited, cannot meet world competition, but united, can. We thus have combination along national lines to combat other national or international combinations—an infinitely more effective trigger for war explosions than disorganized individual competition, because it represents industrial mobilization of nations for international aggression. State-fostered as such effort must necessarily be, it will virtually duplicate the old Germany in spiritual principle, and invite fatal trials of strength.

The struggle for existence has always been threefold: (1) struggle between individuals of the same

race or nation; (2) struggle with other races or nations; (3) struggle against conditions of life. The war has knit individual nations and races into amicable, effective units as never before. Can now this new and vivid sense of economic self-determination and economic rivalry among individual nations and races be carried upward and diverted to the international ends of a logical League of Nations for universal amelioration of conditions of life, instead of wasteful competition between groups? It is indeed doubtful. Even amidst the most earnest co-operation of nations for war and under dire necessity, the nationalistic feelings, prides, prejudices, and jealous self-consciousness of the various nations have at least unmistakably indicated their presence, even if not obstructively. The one pivotal decision of the war—unity of military command—was almost fatally delayed by this instinct for competition, this distrust of combination. He is a bold man who will predict that with the weight of war once off his chest, the average man's instinct will not again take him to his tittle, his delusion of competition, which cares much less for efficiency and logic and wise equilibrium than for a good fight. (Fabre has abundantly proved how little instinct has to do with reason.) The fact that he is sick of bayonet and gunpowder battle does not make him any the less keen for battle of goods and markets and price; in fact, by contrast, it has made him very especially keen for it—not realizing in his fatuity that he may merely make certain another round of the old, old human savagery.

The League of Nations must be made successful much after the manner of any great organization—*by the use of rivalry and enthusiasm for common ends, kept skilfully in sight*; by the most minute technical pains and coordinative ability. It must produce something which the common man wants, and lose no opportunity to advertise itself to him in terms he can understand. It is—with no disrespect either to the League of Nations or to business—a business proposition, pure and simple. It must enter very prosaically into the workaday endeavors of nations and show them its specific advantages in even a salesmanlike manner. It was with some such combination of vision, optimism, and practicality that Morgan, after Carnegie announced his vigorous competitive program, showed the steel industry the value of combining, by chart, statistic, hard sense, practical program—and showed also a clear picture of the disintegrating alternatives. The League of Nations must become part of the daily desk and bench labors of man or remain merely a trailing cloud of intellectual glory.

J. GEORGE FREDERICK.

Possessor and Possessed

THE WORK OF Mr. John Gould Fletcher has hardly attained the eminence in contemporary poetry that it deserves. One is doubtful, indeed, whether it will. For not only is it of that sort which inevitably attracts only a small audience, but it is also singularly uneven in quality, and many readers who would like Mr. Fletcher at his best cannot muster the patience to read beyond his worst. Mr. Fletcher is his own implacable enemy. He has not yet published a book in which his excellent qualities are single, candid, and undivided: a great many dead leaves are always to be turned. The reward for the search is conspicuous, but unfortunately it is one which few will take the trouble to find.

Mr. Fletcher's latest book, *The Tree of Life* (Macmillan; \$1.50) is no exception to this rule: it is perhaps, if we leave out of account his five early books of orthodox and nugatory self-exploration, the most remarkably uneven of them all. It has neither the level technical excellence, the economical terseness of his Japanese Prints, nor, on the other hand, the amazing flight of many pages in *Goblins and Pagodas*. Yet certainly one would rather have it than Japanese Prints; and even if it contains a greater proportion of dross than is to be found in the symphonies, it has compensating qualities, qualities which one feels are new in the work of Mr. Fletcher, and which make one hesitate to rate it too far below *Goblins and Pagodas*, or, at any rate, *Irradiations*. For the moment, however, it is interesting to set aside these new qualities and to consider, or savor, the astonishing unequality which alone would constitute a sort of distinction in the work of Mr. Fletcher. It is the custom in such cases to say that the poet has no self-critical faculty, and to let it go at that. But that explanation is of a general and vague character, and operates only under the fallacy that any such complex is reducible to the terms of a single factor. It should be clear that any given complex will consist of several factors; that "absence of a critical faculty" is to a considerable degree a merely negative diagnosis; and that perhaps one would wisely look for a more express clue to the particular personal equation in something more positive—as for example in some excess rather than lack. It is in a kind of redundancy, on the psychic plane, that an artist's character is most manifest. Here will lie the key to both his successes and his failures. It should be the critic's undertaking to name and analyze this redundancy and to ascertain the degree in which the artist has it under control.

Unfortunately, this undertaking, in the present state of psychology—and criticism is a branch of psychology—is as yet highly speculative; it borders, indeed, in the opinion of many, on the mythological. Criticism of this sort must be, confessedly, supposititious. Thus in the case of Mr. Fletcher we shall perhaps find the most suggestive light cast from a direction which to many literary folk is highly suspect—from psychology itself. Kostyleff, it will be recalled, maintains that a very important part of the mechanism of poetic inspiration rests in the automatic discharge of verbal reflexes—the initial impulse coming from some external stimulus, but the chain of verbal association thereafter unraveling more or less of its own momentum, and leading, as far as any connection of thought or emotion is concerned, well beyond the premises of the original stimulus. Of course Kostyleff does not limit himself to this. He grants that it is only a peculiar sensibility which will store up, as in the case of a poet, such a wealth of verbal reflexes: and he grants further that there is often—though not always—the initial stimulus from without. For our part, as soon as we apply this engaging theory to the work of poets, we see that certain aspects of it are more illuminating in some cases than others; in other words, that while the principle as a whole is true of all poets, in some poets it is one factor which is more important, and in some another. It is true, for example, that Mr. Fletcher has a very original sensibility, and it is also true that his initial stimulus sometimes comes from without, but whereas in the work of certain other poets these factors might be paramount, in the case of Mr. Fletcher the striking feature has always been his habit of surrendering himself, almost completely, to the power of these automatically unraveling verbal reflexes. In fact the poetry of Mr. Fletcher is as remarkable an illustration of this principle as one could find.

The implications are rich. What occurs to one immediately is that, as the functioning of these verbal reflexes is most rapid when least consciously controlled, the poet will be at his best when the initial stimulus is of a nature to leave him greatest freedom. To such a poet, it will be seen, it would be a great handicap to have to adhere too closely, throughout a longish poem, to a fixed and unalterable idea. The best theme for him will be the one which is least definite, one which will start him off at top speed but will be rather enhanced than impaired by the introduction and development of new elements, by rapid successive improvisations in un-

foreseen directions. Any sort of conceptual framework prepared in advance with regard either to subject or form would be perpetually retarding him, perpetually bringing him back to a more severely conscious plane of effort, a plane on which, the chances are, he would be far less effective. These suppositions gain force when we turn, in their light, to Mr. Fletcher's work. In *Irradiations* we find him taking his first ecstatic plunge into improvisation—formalism is thrown to the winds, and with it much which for this poet perplexes and retards; and an amazingly rich treasure house of verbal reflexes, the gift of a temperament almost hyperesthetic in its sensitiveness to color, line, and texture—a temperament in which some profound disharmony is most easily struck at and shaken through these senses—is for the first time rifled. It is in this stage of a lyric poet's career that his speech most glistens. Impressions come up shining from their long burial in the subconscious. The poet is perhaps a little breathless with his sudden wealth—he is at first content to bring up only small handfuls of the most glittering coin; he is even perhaps a little distrustful of it. But the habit of allowing himself to be possessed by this wealth grows rapidly. The mechanism becomes more familiar, if anything so vague as this kind of apperception can be said to be truly recognizable, and the poet learns the trick of shutting his eyes and not merely allowing, but precisely inviting, his subconscious to take possession of him. The trick consists largely in a knowledge, abruptly acquired, of his own character, and of such ideas as are, therefore, the "Open Sesame!" to this cave. It was in colorism that Mr. Fletcher found this password. And it was in Goblins and Pagodas that he first put it to full and gorgeous use.

For in the idea of a series of symphonies in which the sole unity was to be a harmony of color, in which form and emotional tone could follow the lead of coloristic word-associations no matter how far afield, Mr. Fletcher discovered an "Open Sesame!" so ideal to his nature, and so powerful, as not merely to open the door, but at one stroke to lay bare his treasure entire. One should not overlook here also an important secondary element in Mr. Fletcher's nature, a strong but partial affinity for musical construction, a feeling for powerful submerged rhythms less ordered than those of metrical verse, but more ordered than those of prose; and this element, too, found its ideal opportunity in the color symphonies. The result was, naturally, the most brilliant and powerful work which Mr. Fletcher has yet given us—a poetry unlike any other. It contains no thought: Mr. Fletcher is not a conceptual poet. It contains, in

the strictly human sense, extraordinarily little of the sort of emotion which relates to the daily life of men and women; there are despairs and exaltations and sorrows and hopes, and the furious energy of ambition, and the weariness of resignation, but they are the emotions of someone incorporeal, and their sphere of action is among winds and clouds, the colors of sky and sea, the glittering of rain and jewels, and not among the perplexed hearts of humanity. In a sense it is like the symbolism of such poets as Mallarmé, but with the difference that here the symbols have no meaning. It is a sort of absolute poetry, a poetry of detached waver and brilliance, a beautiful flowering of language alone, a parthenogenesis, as if language were fertilized by itself rather than by thought or feeling. Remove the magic of phrase and sound, and there is nothing left: no thread of continuity, no relation between one page and the next, no thought, no story, no emotion. But the magic of phrase and sound is powerful, and it takes one into a fantastic world where one is etherealized, where one has deep emotions, indeed, but emotions star-powdered, and blown to flame by speed and intensity rather than by thought or human warmth.

Unfortunately it is only for a little while that a poet can be so completely possessed by the subconscious: the more complete the possession the more rapid the exhaustion. One or two of Mr. Fletcher's color symphonies showed already a flagging of energy, and in addition to the unevenness which is inevitable in a blind obedience to the lead of word-association alone (since it leads as often to verbosity as to magic) that unevenness also is noticed which comes of the poet's attempt to substitute the consciously for the unconsciously found—an attempt which for such a temperament as Mr. Fletcher's is frequently doomed to failure. There are limits, moreover, as we have seen, to the number of themes which will draw out the best of the possessed type of poet. Failing to discover new themes, he must repeat the old ones; and here it is not long before he feels his consciousness intruding, and saying to him, "You have said this before," a consciousness which at once inhibits the unraveling of word-association, and brings him back to that more deliberate sort of art for which he is not so well fitted. It is to this point that Mr. Fletcher has come, recently in *Japanese Prints*, and now in *The Tree of Life*. Here and there for a moment is a flash of magic and power—there are pages, even whole poems, which are only less delightful than the symphonies—but intermingled with how much that is lame, stiltedly metrical, verbose, or downright ugly. The use of regular meter or rhyme brings him down with

a thud. . . The Tree of Life is a volume of love poems, more personal than Mr. Fletcher has given us hitherto, and that has an interest of its own. But the colorism has begun to dim, it is often merely a wordy and tediously overcrowded imitation of the colored swiftness of Goblins and Pagodas, the images indistinct and conflicting; and if one is to hope for further brilliance it is not in this but in a new note, audible here and there in the shorter

lyrics, a note of ironlike resonance, bitterly personal, and written in a free verse akin to the stark eloquence of Biblical prose. . . Are these lyrics an earnest of further development, and will Mr. Fletcher pass to that other plane of art, that of the possessor artist, the artist who foresees and forges, who calculates his effects? There is hardly enough evidence here to make one sure.

CONRAD AIKEN.

The Significance of Redon

WHEN THE WORK of Odilon Redon was first shown in this country, at the International Exhibition of 1913, its success was immediate and, beyond a doubt, more complete than that of any other artist represented in the epoch-making show. There was naturally more of popular discussion about the Cubists and others whose work seemed revolutionary, but the man who came in for most admiration—more even than was given to Cézanne—was Redon.

Should we see in this merely a sign that the artist had something which the American public demands, through the nature of its preferences? I think not; twenty years earlier his reception here would have been different, as it was different in Paris. Only in the last ten or fifteen years has there been anything like a solid appreciation of Redon anywhere, and his success here was not a question of place but of time. Indeed the fact is that in a number of European countries the recognition of his genius was coming about, more and more positively, in the decade before the exhibition here. It was late in coming, among laymen at least, for Redon was born in 1840 and the time when he had made clear the bearing of his art may easily be placed before his thirtieth year. With an exhibition of Redon's etchings and lithographs before us again (at the Ehrich Print Gallery, until March 12) it seems incomprehensible that his fame does not date back fifty years, but the world is probably no more interested in living genius now than it was then.

Artists were naturally the first to recognize his importance, but even among them it was long before the major quality in his art was understood. For there are in Redon the two phases which we find in every master—the qualities of idea and of form. The first generation which turned to Redon for guidance—the men who began to play a role in art about 1890—were followers or successors of the Impressionists who had come to see that Cézanne with his infinite world of form, Gauguin with his

startling design and Van Gogh with his intensity of expression had given a new turn to the line of art development. If they did not see Redon's full importance, it was because they were content to skim the surface of their elders' production and to draw from it the elements of a merely decorative art, agreeable but light. They did see in him the colorist and designer, and much that is good in the work of Bonnard, Roussel, and numerous minor artists is to be traced to Redon.

Of the same generation, but of a far deeper talent and mind, Matisse consulted Redon to better purpose. Not only was his native gift of color enriched by contact with the rare opulence of Redon, but the quality of significance which lifts him above his contemporaries was intensified by his study of the older man. Redon, while always glad to receive the visits of young artists and to give them advice, never undertook teaching in a school. The teacher who most nearly approached him in ideals (though far from approaching in his results the plane of Redon) was Gustave Moreau, and it was from Moreau that Matisse had his most important lessons. Another student at the atelier, whose later achievement has been admirable, was Georges Rouault. The preoccupation of both men with the problem of expression is proof of their adherence to that art of the idea of which Redon is the chief exemplar in the whole Nineteenth Century.

But it is the group which appeared after these men which goes deepest into the significance of Redon. A few years ago there was exhibited in this city a sheet of drawings by Picasso in which that surprising person gave imitations of four of the older artists—unmistakable by themselves, but on each of which he wrote the name of the man in whose manner the sketch was made. One of them was Redon. And what has Cubism to do with the old sage who invented for us this mythology, ancient and modern, these grand illustrations for *The Temptation of Saint Anthony* and of the *Apocalypse*, this recounter of dreams who portrays

for us with equal sureness the Buddha, a bunch of flowers, or the Spanish guitarist who has delighted him the evening before? On the surface, Redon's art and the art of the men but halfway described by their surname of Cubists have little or nothing in common. Indeed the geometrical side of Cubism is in strong contrast with the spontaneous, improvising quality so apparent in the work of Redon. He himself felt this and spoke in gentle distrust of a theoretical method of procedure in art.

But he also understood the other side of the new school and was well pleased with its homage. The man whose work proclaims most unequivocally the latter-day attitude toward art as an expression of what takes place in the world of the mind, Marcel Duchamp, is also the man of the new generation who most frankly acknowledges his debt to Redon. In the essentials of the question, then, there is a close bond between the master whose works are before us and the advance guard who have so far departed from his external forms. Together they continue the line of those who tell us that art is not "*homo additus naturae*," but a pure expression of the purpose of man through his joy in form and color—the "*natura*" of Bacon entering into the operation only in so far as it is useful as a means.

A part of the reason why it has taken long for the world to see the greatness of Redon is, as I have shown, that the artists took long. For it is often through the inheritors or even the vulgarizers of a creative work that the mass of men come to know its quality. But another reason is that Redon was really that unusual being, the man ahead of his time. It is only a thoughtless use of the phrase that applies it to artists like Delacroix, Courbet, or Cézanne. They are *of* their time, not ahead of it, the violent opposition they had to face having been only a natural reaction on the part of the mediocre mob which resented being dragged from its comfortable wallowing in the refuse of the past. Among the leaders, Cézanne and all the great Impressionists (save Pissarro) were born within a year of one another and of Redon. The former group dominates the years from 1870 to 1900. Redon begins to emerge only about the end of that period, as a man of sixty, with a great work behind him and, most fortunately, with sixteen years of glorious production still before him.

He was clear in his own mind about the differences between himself and his contemporaries, as we see in some notes of 1913, in which he tells of a friend and preceptor of his youth, the fine artist Rodophe Bresdin:

He said to me once, in a tone of gentle authority: "Look at that chimney; what does it tell you? To me it recounts a legend. If you have the strength to observe it

well and to comprehend it, imagine the strangest, the most bizarre subject, if it is well based and if it remains within the limits of that simple stretch of wall, your dream will be living. Therein lies art." Bresdin made these remarks in 1864. I note the date because it was not thus that art was taught at that time.

The artists of my generation, for the most part, [and he does not mean the masters], have assuredly considered the chimney. And they have seen nothing but the chimney. All that can be added to the stretch of wall through the mirage of our personal essence has not been rendered by them. Everything that passes beyond, illumines or amplifies the object, and lifts the mind into the region of mystery, into the trouble of the irresolute and of its delicious unrest, has been totally closed to them. Everything which lends to the symbol, everything which our art holds of the unexpected, of the unprecise, of the undefinable, and which gives it an aspect which borders on the enigma—they have hidden from it, they have feared it. True parasites of the object, they have developed art in the visual field alone, and have to some extent closed it off from that which passes beyond and could bring into the humblest essays, even into the blacks, the light of spirituality. I mean an irradiation which takes hold of our spirit, and which escapes all analysis.

In the half century between Bresdin's remarks and Redon's development of them a change took place in the world's mind, and there is every sign that the present era will not accept the ever-present "parasites of the object" as its representatives. It is turning to Redon and the others who "*dépassent l'objet*" with more and more understanding and certainty. He speaks with emphasis in the passage I have cited, but it must not be thought that his habitual mood was one of criticism. On the contrary it was one of faith in the world, of confidence that there were always certain persons who saw beyond the object to its new form after assimilation by the mind, and who were thus ready to delight in the new form when an artist makes it visible by his line and color. The fact that his belief was justified, that the number of these persons is increasing, is the final reply to those shallow critics of the modern world who cry "materialism" because the forms of art change with time and because we are no longer working with Greek or Gothic models.

Redon's family life was extremely happy and his work went on steadily from year to year, with friends amongst the great painters, poets and musicians of his time to give him the encouraging applause that every artist should have. But the extent of his good fortune did not hide from his clear eyes the fact that art appreciation, in a time at all similar to ours, must be looked for amongst few people. And he knew that when the understanding for his art of the inner world came, it would have about it nothing definitive. His great wish was that the young men go on to their own work, provided only that it be well pondered and the result of genuine need. Late in life he once declared himself ready to forget all he had done and essay a totally different style, if an experience befell him which rendered

such a change necessary. It was with a ring of conviction in his power to go on to new things that he spoke the words. And this openness—which had in it humility and pride at once—was one of the marks by which one can recognize him as the seer of latent forces in his own time and the prophet of their expansion in the time ahead.

With all there is of change in men's attitude toward art, one feels that some underlying principles remain, in whatever form they may be embodied. One feels that the light Redon has thrown for us on the relation of the object to the mind, the mind to art, must remain clear, and will be handed on

while our civilization lasts. If his work is not the last word in exemplifying the truth, we may rejoice in the vitality of the later generation—which owes him so much. Before his own work in the present exhibition we have the pleasure of saluting an elder who does not grow old. The magical sonorous gradations of black and white thrill us only the more deeply as we see them again: the powerful, elusive, unprecedented forms find unsuspected correspondence in our own minds, and they are clothed with an always more intense and permanent reality.

WALTER PACH.

The Theory of Fiction

THERE ARE at least three standpoints—or three levels—from which the field of fiction may be viewed: you may range over it while on its own level; you may take it from aloft—the bird's-eye view; or you may take it from below—from the standpoint which gives what has been called, ingeniously and felicitously, the "worm's-eye view." The first of these is the ordinary way of the novelist himself: with his feet on the ground and his head in the air, he takes his chances along the various heights and hollows. The second, the bird's-eye view, is that of Mr. Wilson Follett. The third, the worm's-eye view, is, with some shiftings and modifications, that of Mr. Clayton Hamilton.

In *The Modern Novel* (Knopf; \$2) Mr. Follett is very much aloft indeed. He whirs and sweeps, aviator-like, through the thin, keen air of theory, and indulges frequent aperçus which take in the vague groundlings that toil far below. One wishes that he would come down to earth and try a little fiction on his own account. He might find the fabrication of two or three short stories worth a manual to him, and the consummation of a full-sized novel to outweigh an encyclopedia. For here, as in last year's *Some Modern Novelists*, he is obsessed, even borne down, by the sense of the novelist's accountability: the writing of fiction is a serious social function. "You are responsible," he seems to say through every page; "so see that you are honest and earnest and right." Joy in the swarming human scene counts for little, the comfortable satisfaction is the self-expression for less, and exhilaration from the mastering and shaping of material for almost nothing. "Be," he seems to adjure the novelist, "be a responsible, sober-minded agent. How else can we take you seriously? How else can we hold ourselves in contenance while we are writing serious books about you?"

Yes, Mr. Follett has chosen the ether rather than the clod, and he evades the concrete as long as possible. He prides himself, in his preface, on his successful suppression of the word "psychology." One begins to ask, presently, whether he is intending to suppress, in addition, the words form, tone, color, and the like. On page 199 there is a false dawn, and the silhouettes of "form" and "selection" appear briefly on the pale horizon; but full daylight is really deferred until his penultimate chapter on Design. This part of the book contains the most of interest for the practical fictionist. Here we come upon the novel in metamorphosis; it is sloughing off its ancient, cumbrous skin and is emerging into the trim compactness desired by this later day. Here too comes in belated cognizance of France and Russia. The wonder is that anybody could live so long on Fielding and Richardson before getting to Flaubert and Turgenev.

Some Modern Novelists, though cluttered with small anxieties, was not professorial. The Modern Novel is. Not by reason of its notes, its bibliography, its hints for study, but rather through a growing tendency to jargonize. The "School of Terror," "unofficial sentimentalism," and even "the realistic spirit" may be mentioned too frequently and leaned upon too heavily. And there is always the risk that a man who is churning and rechurning limited material may jargonize not only his diction but his thought.

Mr. Hamilton, in *A Manual of the Art of Fiction* (Doubleday, Page; \$1.60), does not take to the blue empyrean; he remains strictly below, among the definite substrata. He burrows thoroughly and faithfully. He accomplishes a good amount of serviceable earthwork and helps ventilate and rearrange the general soil. His book is really a recasting of Materials and Methods of Fiction,

which appeared some ten years ago. Indeed, his very index "dates" him: Kipling, Stevenson, and Poe are his biggest items, and George Eliot has her good ten lines. He states in plain, sensible, ship-shape fashion a good many things that nobody will now dispute—things that have been threshed out and have reached the safe bin of the handbook. He leans somewhat upon Professor Brander Matthews, who adds a paragraph to his introduction for the earlier edition, and who contributes his theory of the short-story (with its hyphen). Review Questions and Suggested Readings make the book obviously a "manual" indeed, and tend to sober the flighty romancer. Professor Matthews looms large, of course, along with Mr. Bliss Perry, in the chapter which deals with the art of fiction as influenced by the element of length: the paragraphs on the *roman* and the *nouvelle* (in English the "novel" and the "novelette") have their interest in a day when literary molds are in the remaking.

Mr. Hamilton, stepping a little to one side of his cathedra, notes toward his end (and perhaps a trifle mournfully) that "as far as the general reader is concerned, the appeal of any work of fiction depends far more upon its content than upon its form." One who happens to believe that, for the arts in general, form remains the one great *sine qua non* may fancy, if he choose, that this species of recalcitrance is exhibited chiefly toward such of the arts as require for apprehension the element of time and the governance of consecutivity; works of architecture, painting, and sculpture, being observable at a mere glance, do not delay and embarrass us as we try to take in their general scope; it is the works which unfold or unroll—the epic, the drama, the symphony, the novel—that run the chance of having their form missed while their content comes uppermost. Yet we recall that most paintings interest the rank and file through the subject rather than through the technique; and that, per contra, a play which does not shape itself as it ought to sends the spectator out dissatisfied. It may be all one can say is this: that the more restricted the work of art the greater the chance that its form, construction, and technique may be satisfactorily apprehended by the laity. Such apprehension is an intelligible and intelligent pleasure, and ought to be promoted. Delimitation makes the novel easier to compass, both for writer and reader.

Mr. Follett, in the most arresting of his chapters, notes the disposition of the French "to exhaust the possibilities of order, symmetry, and austere perfection," and "to achieve unity by whittling down their subjects to essentials"; and he contrasts them with the Russians, who run to an "inclusiveness of

matter and of event" like that of the Victorians, "which is our chief tradition in the novel"—a kind of continental welter, in fact, which leaves us where we were in the matter of clear and well-proportioned design. Mr. Follett sees the new novel, whatever its length, as a sublimated short story. It "avails itself of the novel's fulness of treatment; it may run to any length, even the inordinate length of the Victorian novels." However, "its theme is single, and it aims at rigid unity of effect—the unity which comes from one direction inexorably followed, and the use of all the material to illustrate a single principle. . . . It is the short story under a microscope, the short story on a vastly enlarged scale."

He is thus quite at variance with such men of yesterday as Mr. Matthews, Mr. Hamilton, and Mr. Perry, who believe that a short story can be poised successfully on but one or two of the several bases required by a novel. For plot or situation alone may suffice; or characterization alone; or, in special instances, even setting alone. Further, the short story may pose problems without answering them, may operate on highly arbitrary premises, may create beauty out of the horrible, may indulge a poetic symbolism, and may make other excursions denied the novel, whether long or short.

Thus one may find no great reason for following Mr. Follett when he telescopes the novel and the short story and squeezes out the novelette altogether; yet there is a growing sense that unity and conciseness, under whatever categories, are better worth striving for than was once thought. The future appears to be for the shorter form which has been employed now and then by Henry James and Edith Wharton, and which indeed was employed as far back as 1840 (for the French are usually first in the field) by Merimée in his *Colomba*; the form which, within the past year or two, has produced Swinnerton's *Nocturne*, Rebecca West's *The Return of the Soldier*, and, within slightly wider limits, Joseph Hergesheimer's *Java Head*. The technique of this latter, wherein the author works out his own problem through independent and rather self-willed and overconfident endeavor, is far from perfect, but is most suggestive and instructive. It helps point out the new, indubitable road.

If novel-writing, as Mr. Follett insists, is a responsible social function, novel-reading has its obligations too. A cultivation of the sense of form and proportion ought to add to the reader's pleasure, and even to discipline him, in a measure, for the general conduct of life. A burden shared becomes less onerous.

HENRY B. FOLLER.

London, January 30

A FEW DAYS AGO I asked an editor of my acquaintance what were his plans for the reconstruction of his magazine when increased supplies of paper should make it possible. "That," he replied with impressive gravity, "depends on the effect which the result of the election has on literature." I do not know precisely what effect he apprehended; I hadn't, in fact, the courage to ask him. He may have been looking forward to the suppression of every periodical that does not sing the praise of our great and noble Prime Minister in the loudest possible strains; or he may merely have envisaged the imposition of a prohibitive tax on pure letters. Those whose interests are not bound up with the interest of "big business" are looking rather gloomily to the future and are preparing themselves for any smashing blow which the new state of affairs may casually deal them in passing. But I am not apprehensive for literature myself. It is a matter apart from politics—it rarely penetrates to the utterance of politicians; and authors, editors, and publishers, as such, are not greatly concerned with affairs of state or the gyrations of statesmen. It does occasionally happen that legislation affects us. At Christmas time I met a publisher in the country, who told me that he had serious thoughts of going up to London the next day and assassinating Mr. Wilson. He had no particular grudge against your President; but, at the moment, he disliked your country intensely. An American publisher had just written to him, proposing to issue an American edition of one of his books and offering him a royalty of ten per cent, *on condition that he abstained from selling his own edition in America*. But irritation over the copyright laws does not often rise to this pitch; and, though we have a grievance to be redressed, we do not expect to be considered at the Peace Conference or in the House of Commons.

The main effect of the election, so far as I can see, will be to reduce even further (and Heaven knows it was low enough) the literary level of Parliamentary speeches. There were not many men in the House of Commons who were capable of standing up and talking good, dignified English; and our electorate has now rejected most of them, preferring such men of letters as Mr. Horatio Bottomley, the editor of John Bull. The official report of the debates will now be more lacerating to the literary mind than ever. They will split their infinitives, leave their sentences unfinished and without verbs, muddle their relative clauses and perpetrate on the English language all the outrages of which only

a politician in full flood is capable; and Mr. Asquith will not be there to raise the tone of the debate by his majestic and Augustan style. The favorite locution of the present Prime Minister is "What you have got to remember . . ." or "You have got to convince Labor . . ."; and though this to me, and, I imagine, to all right-thinking litterateurs, is perfectly odious, I doubt whether it turned a vote at the election. On the political aspects of the election I will not dwell because they are too painful, and because they fortunately do not fall within my province. I go about daily murmuring to myself a phrase which I read recently in Swinburne's letters and which took my fancy, a phrase about "the God-doomed metropolis of this hell-devoted country." I find it a powerful incantation when I am reading the latest political news in my morning paper.

I feel that I must advert—oh, how easily one falls into political phraseology once one has gone near to the accursed thing!—to the criticisms on my view of the right length for novels. Mr. Fuller, if I may say so without offense, seems to me to be refuting something I never said and his remark about "the old Anglo-Saxon resentment over a disciplined work of art" is particularly unkind, since it is one of my bad habits to go about adjuring the English author to learn form, proportion, discipline, and restraint, to look at the French and so to become a wiser man and a better artist. Furthermore, it must have escaped Mr. Fuller that I rejoiced over "the vision of the technically perfect and harmonious novel" which, in my judgment, the present generation has a reasonable chance of accomplishing. The English novel has suffered by being the province of good honest men with imaginations who think it is easy enough to tell a tale "in their own way"—pipe in mouth and slippers on a chair. Our novelists have nearly all been men who, being born with the temperament of the artist, think they need not give themselves the education of the artist. It is not thus that great art is produced, but by long and strict meditation, by painful experiment, by all the agonies necessary to bring forth perfection—none of which must be apparent in the finished work. But a mere mechanical reduction of length does not solve this problem; and the reasons which have led to the reduction of the novel have been by no means all purely artistic. It is right that the novelist should ask himself, "How much can I leave out?" But he so often answers his own question by leaving out more than his con-

ception can afford, that I should prefer him to word the inquiry, "How much *must* I put in?" Mr. Fuller will admit, I suppose, that there is no test of the rightness of a novel's length, except in its general harmony and the completeness and fullness of the impression which it makes on the reader's mind. By this canon, the novel may range from fifty thousand words (which is shorter than any English publisher will look at without dismay) to a quarter of a million or more—and that is more than our novelists at present usually dare to allow themselves. I do not raise merely the indiscriminating slogan "Longer Novels!" I only ask that when a writer selects a subject which cannot be adequately treated in less than two hundred thousand words, he should not scamp it in eighty thousand, because that is the number he can conveniently write in a year and which his publisher thinks is the suitable amount to be sold for six shillings. There is no reason why a long novel should not have as much form and harmony, concentration and brilliance, as a short one—though I admit that, other

things being equal, it would naturally be more difficult to impart these qualities to it. But I do not agree that "brilliance"—by which in this context I understand "work—that is artistically satisfactory"—can be boring in however great a quantity; I only wish that Miss West would give me an opportunity of finding her "brilliance" so. I do maintain, to conclude, that no limit, inferior or superior, can be set in principle upon fiction, except, in each given case, in relation to the demands of the particular conception; and I do maintain that many of our novelists do habitually ruin their conceptions by attempting, for reasons quite other than artistic, to treat them in an inadequate space. But the decision on this controversy was really given many years ago by Mr. Hilaire Belloc, when someone asked him the inane question—of how many words a novel should consist. "It depends," he replied, with his customary lucidity and directness of thought, "on which the words are and what their order is."

EDWARD SHANKS.

To One Who Woos Fame With Me

You and I may dream of roses,
 Flung
 Like flowered kisses
 Through the haze
 And powdered air—
 Showered
 At our feet
 Behind the candles of the world.
 But when laughter flows away
 And echoes die,
 When waving candles wane
 Like wearied lilies in the dusk,
 When shadows fade upon the painted scene,
 And voices
 Raised for soft applause
 Are tired grown,
 Murmuring
 As children's voices worn at play—
 What scent of this
 Will linger with the days for us?
 What fragrant gift remain
 Of roses carried off,
 Of garlands withered overnight,
 Dust
 With the laden air
 That midnight left behind?

RALPH BLOCK.

THE DIAL

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT, *Editor*

GEORGE DONLIN

CLARENCE BRITTEN

HAROLD STEARNS

In Charge of the Reconstruction Program:

JOHN DEWEY

THORSTEIN VEBLEN

HELEN MAROT

NATIONAL PROHIBITION MAY HAVE BEEN DICTATED by political, social, moral, and economic considerations overwhelming in their combination. At the same time it would be folly to deny that the gain in the easier functioning of world machinery has involved some losses. Morally, for example, the curse of strong drink is one of the primitive enemies that have beset mankind, like the forces of nature itself, and the struggle against it has called into existence individual qualities of initiative, energy, persistence, and adroitness, which now, it is to be feared, will be diverted from the assault against demon Rum to an alliance enabling him to make a diminished stand against extinction. The moral life as affected by alcohol will be so thoroughly guarded by state control that all the lure of adventure and the chivalry of the lost cause will pass to the other side. No less will there be occasion to mark the loss to civilization through the banishment of one of the elements of culture, an element be it noted that alone saves one of the five senses for the higher uses of life. That which distinguishes the nobler from the baser senses is doubtless their capacity for refinement, for being educated to keenness of perception and discrimination. Now wine, it is fair to say, is the only medium capable of affording this training and refinement to the sense of taste. It is true that there is tea, which fulfills the same function for the oriental, and one recalls the story of a forest ranger who could distinguish among eleven morsels of venison the part of the animal from which each was taken; but in the long run it is only alcohol that appeals to the taste of the occidental in sufficiently exciting form to constitute a motive and an end to intensive cultivation. And this culture has its phases, pure, ornate, grotesque. The taste of the amateur of vintage wines represents the classical phase; the morbid fancy of the connoisseur of liqueurs and the inventor of *pousse cafés* marks the grotesque. It was the hero of *A Rebours* who invented for himself an organ of which the notes were liqueurs to be discharged in drops against his palate like musical notes against his ear drums, and from which he drew palatal symphonies, pastoral and military, humorous, passionate, and pathetic. This may represent a degree of organization of the sense of taste unthinkable to the ordinary mind, but the reenforcement of other senses, especially hearing, afforded by that of taste is within the experience of us all. There is a divine congruity between Mozart's symphonies and thin

clear Moselle wine; Beethoven takes on a lambent glow in conjunction with Burgundy; and the degustation of Wagner is powerfully aided by Munich beer. The direct contribution of wine to artistic composition—especially to poetry—need not be dwelt upon. From Anacreon to W. E. Henley wine has been one of the catholic sources of inspiration to the poetry of pleasure. But this is after all an ancillary service. The highest value of the alcoholic beverage to our civilized life is in the possibility of raising a whole sense from its lowly position as a source of crude pleasure to a function of high discrimination and critical penetration—in short, to a rank with the senses which furnish the basis of the fine arts and the material of culture.

WHAT IS THE BACKGROUND OF CONTEMPORARY French foreign policy, which on the surface appears nationalistic *jusqu'aboutiste* and even imperialistic? It is considerably easier to be harsh than to be comprehending. We should first try to understand as sympathetically as possible the basic French assumptions. French statesmen are not thinking of next year or the year after, but of the twenty and thirty years from now. And when they think of the future in the old historical concepts of the past, have they not legitimate grounds for uneasiness? Consider: France's population is almost stationary, Germany's is increasing at a rapid rate. The French frontier is long and comparatively unprotected: English and American troops cannot stay there forever as a defense. Large sections of their land itself have been devastated; Germany remains almost intact. The French debt is appalling, and without some sort of reparation they face bankruptcy—can French statesmen be expected to forget that they won the war? The future belongs to the industrially and commercially strong, but France has been almost wrecked industrially, and she faces the attacks of a future keen and enterprising competitor. These are the unpalatable facts which frighten French statesmen. Their motto has naturally become "Safety first." They are trying to incorporate in the peace terms conditions which will hold Germany in check forever. Hence the reason for four cardinal policies, which if carried out literally will destroy any chances for a real League of Nations. First, the strengthening of the reactionary parties in Poland in the belief that a strong, nationalistic Poland will act as a buffer against any German ambitions in the East.

Second, the encouragement of extravagant Czecho-Slovak claims, for the same reason. Third, hostility to the incorporation of German Austria with Germany, irrespective of the wishes of the people, because the prospect of a greater Germany appalls France. Fourth, the annexation of the Saar valley because such an annexation will weaken Germany permanently. All these policies, exactly as the Russian and indemnity policies, spring from this basic conviction that France must be protected. It is understandable, but it is folly. Surely the French statesmen might learn one fundamental lesson from the history which they read so assiduously—the lesson that guarantees which are based on force and not on justice are in the long run worth precisely nothing. Worse: ultimately such guarantees provoke reprisals, the cost of which is greater than any benefits accruing from the original guarantees. The worst possible misfortune that could befall France today is that the policies now advocated by French statesmen should succeed. France is helpless and her future hopeless if today she sets the stage for a future war of "revanche." She cannot endure another war like the present. She cannot be confident that she will have the same Allies, whatever may be the accord among them today. She would in all likelihood emerge from it shattered and broken. France's real protection lies in the international guarantees of an effective League of Nations. For most other nations, the League offers the possibility of avoiding the waste and expense of future wars. But for France, quite literally, the League offers her only opportunity for any considerable nationalistic survival. It is pathetic that the one great nation most in need of the League should today, through whatever mistaken human motives, be most skeptical of its value.

"EXPERIENCE HAS AMPLY SHOWN THAT TO treat the political prisoner like the common criminal does not deprive him of the sympathies of those who agree with him politically, but may rather endear him further to them and at any rate serve to embitter their feelings and stimulate them to unlawful reprisals." So wrote James Bryce some thirty years ago. And on the whole Europe has learned the lesson of experience. When the Dublin leaders in the Sinn Fein rebellion were confined they were treated as political prisoners, and the English government has granted amnesty to most of these Irishmen, although in many cases the charge was active rebellion and homicide. When Hervé was imprisoned in France he was placed in a separate prison for political prisoners (as Caillaux is today); he was allowed to write articles and continue his position as editor of a French journal. In Italy the status of the political prisoner is fully recognized. Moreover, the Italians have their own peculiar method of liberating such offenders. When Cipriani was imprisoned in 1892 the Italian people

elected him to Parliament and the Government was forced to free him. Likewise in 1894 Dr. Nicola Barbato, tried for treason and serving a thirty-year sentence, was elected to Parliament and released from prison in eighteen months. During the present war most European governments have shown a wisdom and moderation in their handling of the political prisoner which put to shame our own barbaric and savage treatment of anyone who disagrees with the majority view of the moment. For example, no European government has sentenced a political offender for more than five years. Pericat—called the Bill Haywood of France—was sentenced to five years, and he has been released since the armistice along with sixty other such offenders. Menotti Serrati, editor of *L'Avanti*, who in June, 1917, led the riots of Torino which lasted seven days, was tried by a military tribunal and given only three years. Furthermore, Italy has repealed the "Decreto Sacchi," a law imposing a two-year sentence on Socialists who urged refusal to pay taxes, and all persons imprisoned under the law have been freed and those under indictment dismissed. In England, members of all parties, conservative as well as radical, are demanding a general amnesty for political prisoners, and among the signers of the petition are such men as Viscount Bryce, Viscount Morley, and Arthur Henderson. The contrast between European and American treatment of political prisoners is too humiliating to need emphasis. But there is one aspect of the matter that we are inclined to overlook. If public opinion in this country is so sluggish or so intimidated as to remain indifferent concerning the more than two thousand political prisoners now in our jails, European public opinion will not. Unless we soon revert to our traditional regard for freedom of conscience, European liberals may well be moved to form a protest committee, similar to the British Protest Committee of 1913, who by a year of aggressive propaganda succeeded in securing a general amnesty for Portugal's political prisoners (among them many Syndicalists and Socialists). When John McLean was released from Peterhead Prison he wrote a letter to President Wilson in which he said:

The Working Class Democracy of Britain forced the Cabinet to release me from Peterhead Prison where I was undergoing a five-year sentence under the D. O. R. A. . . . You are in Europe to negotiate a "Democratic Peace" as a democrat. If so, I wish you to prove your sincerity by releasing Tom Mooney, Billings, Debs, Haywood, and all the others at present in prison as a consequence of their fight for Working Class Democracy. The Clyde Workers will send me as one of their Delegates to the coming Peace Conference and there, inside and outside the conference hall, I shall challenge your U. S. A. delegates, if my friends are not released. After that I shall tour America until you do justice to the real American champions of Democracy.

Will it not be ironical justice, if we find ourselves viewed by Europe with the same pitying regard that we so lately held for the German people?

CONFIRMATION OF THE WORST SUSPICIONS as to the political futility and military failure of the ill-starred Allied expedition to North Russia has been given in striking manner by the correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* in a cable dispatch from Vard, Norway, dated February 1, 1919. The correspondent explains why he is sending his dispatch from Norway in vigorous and bitter terms:

I have come out of Russia to write this. The censorship that has crawled back into its hole in most of the world still wears the iron heel of war days in the north. The American public has been fed pretty stories of the gentle glories of this "help Russia" expedition, but the facts are that a mess has been stewed and has been kept for the cooks themselves.

The principal counts in the indictment, according to this observer, are: that it has failed to inspire confidence and loyalty; that in the minds of the soldiers the expedition has become a mere fighting job to collect Russia's debt to Europe; that the original commanders turned out to be neither diplomats nor soldiers; that there is no enthusiasm even among the intelligent Russians in the north to assist the Allies and fight the Bolsheviks; "that the beautiful faith of the Russians in America is breaking under the manhandling by our forces under the foreign command." As an example of "manhandling" by our troops the correspondent cites the instance of a purely political strike of protest by the workingmen of Archangel, where our men—always under foreign command—were used for the manning of the street cars, in a word, as strike-breakers. It is not a pretty report which the *Tribune's* correspondent gives, but there is no reason to doubt its authenticity. He supplies a wealth of detail about the war-weariness of the Allied soldiers and about the utter destruction of their faith in the good intentions of the expedition. The men were led to believe that they were to be used solely to police the city; they actually found that they were sent hundreds of miles inland on foolish and wasteful "offensives," which resulted only in retreats and loss of men. They were led to believe that they were to protect supplies from the Germans; they found no supplies and no Germans to protect them from. They were led to believe that they would be welcomed by the "loyal" Russians; they found that they were met with distrust and that most of the natives frankly preferred the tyranny of Moscow to the tyranny of foreign bayonets. In fact, the entire dispatch gives irrefutable proof of the truth for which THE DIAL has long been contending—that the whole Archangel adventure is a disgraceful and imperialistic bit of brigandage in which the employment of American troops is humiliating and shameful. There is evidence that the Paris Conference has decided definitely to withdraw Allied troops from Russia, recognizing the military futility of the whole expedition. And the quicker we get out of Russia the better the Russians will like it.

THE COUNTRY HAS BEEN WAITING FOR MONTHS for the opinion of the Supreme Court on the constitutionality of the Espionage Act. The reason why the opinion is delayed is that each time a case is about to reach the court on appeal the Department of Justice confesses error, or requests postponement. This has happened often enough to raise the question whether the Department is itself confident of the constitutionality of the Act under which it has imprisoned hundreds of men and women. There is no question of the terrific blow to the prestige of the government in general and of this administration in particular which the discovery of the unconstitutionality of the Act would deal. The Act was passed under the lash and spur of the President. His Department of Justice has enforced it with ruthlessness. The discovery that men and women now undergoing confinement in loathsome prisons for terms of ten to thirty years have been deprived of their freedom without due and proper process of law will fill up the measure of indignation and contempt which will be meted out to those responsible for a shameful miscarriage of justice. This possibility is another reason for insisting on the repeal of the Act and the immediate pardon of those suffering under it. Senator France of Maryland, one of the few brave Senators who voted against the Act on its original introduction, has introduced a bill for its repeal. It will be passed if the public demands it.

IT WILL BE AGREED THAT PRESIDENT WILSON'S choice of representatives to meet the Bolsheviks was a happy one. In Professor Herron, Mr. Wilson found a delegate who speaks, or at least understands, the economic language of the men whom he is sent to meet. The other delegate, Mr. William A. White, of Kansas, can be trusted as can few Americans, not to make a fool of himself or his country. His reported interview on his appointment contains sound sense on the Russian situation. It reminds one of the words of Gamaliel when the Jews were in doubt what to do with the Bolsheviks of Jerusalem. Said Gamaliel: "Ye men of Israel, take heed to yourselves what ye intend to do as touching these men. . . . Refrain from these men and let them alone. For if this counsel or this work be of men it will come to naught; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found to fight against God." The Jews took his advice, and (like an American mob) when they had beaten up the apostles, they let them go.

THE DIAL APOLOGIZES TO MR. GERALD DU MAURIER for the inadvertence of a contributor who, in its issue of January 25, made him responsible for the play *An Englishman's Home*. The author of course was Major Guy du Maurier, the actor-manager's brother, who was killed in 1914.

Foreign Comment

LONG LIVE THE GERMAN REPUBLIC!

The following manifesto appeared originally in the Paris paper *Humanité*, and was reprinted in the Berliner Tageblatt, from which (as copied in the New York Staats Zeitung) we translate, as copies of *Humanité* are not easy to acquire in this country:

In the name of the organized French working class, the united workers greet the German Republic. This historical crisis must signify the end of the lordship of power and the beginning of responsibility on the part of the people. The revolution of the German people conditions the attitude of the working classes of the Allied lands, who now more than ever before must desire from their own governments that peace be created upon the foundations of freedom and on the self-determination of peoples. Militarism is finally defeated. The world must be again rebuilt on new international principles, and the rebuilding must follow on the basis of equality for all people. The working classes of the lands of the Entente face a great duty. They must destroy every chauvinistic movement and not permit the military power of the Entente, under the pretense of restoring law and order, to attack the new regimes in Russia, Austria Hungary, and Germany. We have certainty that the international power of the workers—which ultimately will be recreated—will conquer. We must especially guard what freedom we have won. Our first demand is full amnesty for all. The end of the military imperialistic adventures must give us full spiritual and industrial freedom, without which a social democracy cannot exist.

Humanité of another date appeared with a great flaring headline: "Citizens lay down your arms, the German Republic lives!"

THE LAST PARADOX

SIR: The following passage from a letter recently received from Paris will, I think, interest your readers as it has me. The writer, a Frenchman of high civil position, volunteered at the outbreak of the war and served four years in the trenches, being wounded and also suffering from fever. He is one of the many men "muris par l'épreuve terrible de la guerre elle-même," who has won the right to be heard on peace:

Voyez-vous, mon ami, l'un des paradoxes de cette guerre, le dernière peut-être et le plus gros de conséquences: C'est qu'au moment d'établir le statut du monde issu de cette guerre, aucune des démocraties victorieuses n'appellera et ne songe même d'appeller un de ces hommes muris par l'épreuve terrible de la guerre elle-même un de ceux qui dans la solitude morale des tranchées, était soutenu par le rêve magnifique d'un avenir meilleur et pensait qu'un tel rêve justifiait tous les sacrifices.

Combien sont morts avec cette espérance! Les autres, les survivants n'ont actuellement aucun moyen de se faire entendre des puissances en exercice.

Livrés aux seuls professionnels de la diplomatie et de la politique pour lesquels le passé qu'ils nous ont fait ne saurait servir de recommandation, vous comprenez que je ne sais guère rassurer.

Neither the voice of the dead who died sustained by "the magnificent dream of a better future," nor the voice of their living comrades who "in the moral solitude of the trenches thought that such a

dream justified all the sacrifices" will be heard in the conference hall of the Quai d'Orsay. No! Milner, Bonar Law, Balfour, Sonino, et al—those "professionals of diplomacy and of politics for whom the past that they have made for us hardly serves for a recommendation," have locked themselves away in the customary secrecy of the profession from the eyes of the world to organize that new world, which others died and suffered to give birth to.

ROBERT HERRICK.

University of Chicago.

Communications

THE TEST OF DEMOCRACY

SIR: Those who have watched President Wilson's varied career with regard to the woman suffrage question will read with indignation but no surprise his reply to the delegation of French working women who made the reasonable and timely request that woman suffrage be included among the points to be settled by the Peace Conference.

If the war was fought for democracy (as he said it was) and if Mr. Wilson really cared about justice to women, he would have answered to the effect that a minimum standard of democracy should be required of the countries which are to enter the League of Nations, and that no nation would be considered eligible until it has fully enfranchised its women. But such explicitness and direct dealing is not in Mr. Wilson's line and he merely replied that a Conference of Peace settling the relations of nations with each other would be "regarded as going very much outside its province if it undertook to dictate to the several states what their internal policy should be"; and then bethinking himself that this stand was not consistent with the recognition to be accorded to Labor by the Conference, expressed a vague hope that some occasion might be offered for the suffragists to present their case. He then proceeded to smooth things over by paying the women of France some elaborate compliments, using the sentimental platitudes and Spenserian copybook maxims in which his vocabulary is so rich: his "heart," his "feelings," "nerves of sympathy," his "passion for democracy"—stock phrases the value of which foreign nations will soon learn to estimate as they are estimated in this country. As if graceful flattery from him or anyone could recompense women for the agony they have endured in this terrible war, or act as a substitute for the justice they are demanding.

Politicians have long been accustomed to reward those who have suffered and sacrificed in two ways—the men with honors, titles, fortunes, pensions, high offices, and other substantial considerations; women with praise, flattery, expressions of appreciation, words, words, words! As Hamlet pointed out this is to be "promise-fed," "air-crammed"—and even poultry could not be fed after this fashion.

As for the President's further statement that suffrage is a "domestic question for the several nations," one would think he might be somewhat chary of that topic inasmuch as it was the Democratic Party which killed the Federal Suffrage Amendment in the Senate—a slaughter to which Mr. Wilson largely contributed through his election attacks upon pro-suffrage Senators and his hearty support of the Anti-Senators. To cite one instance among many, last spring at the primaries (the only place where a candidate can be defeated in the solidly Democratic South) Mr. Wilson successfully bent all his efforts to defeat the senior Senator from Mississippi on the ground that the latter did not support the Administration policies though Mr. Vardaman was in favor of the Federal Amendment and voted for it in the Senate. Another flagrant case of bad faith with the confiding suffragists who looked to the President to put their bill through was his refusal to appeal to the people of Tennessee to vote against Senator Shields of that state after the latter had contemptuously disregarded Mr. Wilson's request that he should support the Federal Amendment. Mr. Shields' opponent was an upholder of all the President's policies, including woman suffrage, but this brought him no help from the White House.

When the November elections drew near Mr. Wilson threw suffrage to the wolves and came out in hotly-partisan support of antis and against suffragists. We are forced to conclude that if the Federal Amendment be one of Mr. Wilson's policies, it is only between elections, like the man who was a "vegetarian between meals". Is it any wonder that when the vote in the Senate was taken immediately after the President's magnificent speech, the suffrage majority was still two votes short? The party members must have listened to Mr. Wilson's eloquence with their tongues in their cheeks, evidently confident that they could oppose the President's wishes with impunity and that for once the party whip would not be cracked over their heads by the party leader, as it had been on so many occasions when they had tried to defy the President on a subject which he really had at heart.

So women are standing in front of the White House burning the eloquent phrases that come to us from across the seas where Mr. Wilson is still talking about freedom, liberty, justice, and democracy. The prisons in Washington are crowded with suffragists from every state in the Union, who have broken no law, whose only offense is that they have asked for deeds not words. On February 15 the Prison Special went out from Washington bearing to the far South and West the just demand that the Democratic slackers in the Senate be required to furnish forthwith the one vote necessary to pass the bill through the Senate before this Congress adjourns on March 4, and thus tardily give justice and liberty to American women.

MARY WINSOR.

Haverford, Pennsylvania.

SOVIET RUSSIA AND THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION

SIR: I wish to make a correction in the illuminating article by Lincoln Colcord [in *THE DIAL* for December 28, 1918] entitled *Soviet Russia and the American Revolution*, in line with the author's admission at the outset that "the drawing of historical analogies is a perilous undertaking." In his comparison he confuses the American Revolutionary leaders with the framers of the American Constitution. He then says that the framers "certainly strove to construct an instrument by virtue of which the actual majority of the electorate should control the government. They certainly strove to render impossible the domination of a ruling class, to do away with the artificial complexities of politics, and to bring every function of government within the grasp and comprehension of the whole electorate." Now this would do very well for the Revolutionary leaders, but the Convention of 1787 was a counter-revolutionary movement born out of the fear of the recent "excess of democracy." The framers of the Constitution asserted as their supreme aim the protection of property rights; the doctrine that "property is the main object of government" was repeatedly declared and never seriously disputed. As Woodrow Wilson says: "The federal government was not by intention a democratic government. In plan and structure it had been meant to check the sweep and power of popular majorities. . . . The government had, in fact, been originated and organized upon the initiative and primarily in the interest of the mercantile and wealthy classes. Originally conceived in an effort to accommodate commercial disputes between the states, it had been urged to adoption by a minority, under the concerted and aggressive leadership of able men representing a ruling class." (*Division and Reunion*, page 12.)

ARTHUR C. COLE.

Urbana, Illinois.

WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE

SIR: Much of the criticism that is being meted out against the Presidential program of peace is based upon the unwarranted assumption that man is essentially a practical being. We hear stated again and again, "The League of Nations is a fine idealistic scheme, but it is not practical."

It is not very evident why the lack of practicality should cause concern to man, the fabric of whose life is built, not on practicality, but on dreams. To live at all as human beings is to be impractical. Our whole civilization we owe to the impracticality of man; where his work has endured, it has looked far beyond his practical needs and the demands of the moment. The epicure, eating, drinking, and making merry, is your practical being. The wild beast is essentially practical; he contents himself with his full meal today, taking no thought for the mystical morrow. But man builds for the morrow;

his sowing and reaping, his planning and building, point toward the future, the unknown, the non-existent. Having only today, holding only one moment at a time in his hand, his bold faith plans for the years and the centuries.

The typical American prides himself upon being a practical man; he does not recognize that in one sense to continue to live at all is to stand convicted of being impractical. He grumbles about high prices and low wages, about poor crops and devastating weather, when he himself if he were really practical and sincere in his querulousness "might his quietus make with a bare bodkin."

It is the vision of the unknown, of the unseen, which alike holds man back and drives him forward.

With prices high, and war and pestilence raging, it would seem the height of folly to fall in love, and the summit of impracticality to marry. When it is difficult for one person to live, plain arithmetic, the most practical of sciences, proclaims that it is at least twice as difficult for two people to live, yet the majority of mankind commit just that folly, and insure that human living shall continue along the line of impracticality.

It looks as if men will achieve a League of Nations, not because it satisfies those who call themselves practical, but because such a league is consistent with man's real needs and the spirit of human living. After all, man lives, and moves and has his being, when he is most human, in faith, in the world of imagination; and men achieve dreams because, in truth, they themselves are "such stuff as dreams are made of."

M. T. SEYMOUR.

Urbana, Illinois.

MR. UNTERMAYER RAISES HIS SHIELD

SIR: I was both pained surprised at the contents as well as the tone of Arturo Giovannitti's expostulatory letter in *THE DIAL* of February 8 concerning my review of Max Eastman's *Colors of Life*. An attack from any other quarter would have troubled me less. Giovannitti compels my deep admiration; to Max Eastman I bear the complicated relation of admirer, fellow worker, and friend. This fondness embraces most of his activities. I have an abiding respect for Eastman the person, the propagandist, the pamphleteer, the provocative paragrapher—not, unfortunately, for Eastman the poet. Personally, I wish I were a blind worshipper of the well-written if often flavorless verse that Eastman indites between his pungent and penetrating editorials. But much as I am stirred by his clean-cut and lively prose, I am (and it is possibly one of my many limitations) unmoved by most of his metrical lines which, unlike his ametrical ones, seem the result of a desire to write rather than a burning need to create.

So, when I took up *Colors of Life*, it seemed natural to me that the prose preface contained much

more Eastman than the proper and undistinguished blank verse of *The Thought of Protagoras*, the pseudo-Elizabethan fancy of *A Praiseful Complaint*, and the mere pleasantness of such lyrics as *Autumn Light*, *Hours*, and others. What struck me as the most valuable portions of the little volume were the unrhymed parts in which Eastman's natural gifts as philosophic essayist were displayed at their best. And when one considers that this book of little more than one hundred pages contains over thirty pages of prose, my emphasis was not quite so inconsistent nor so "unconventional" as Mr. Giovannitti suggests.

Criticism is not always the impersonal and Olympian affair that it is supposed to be. My own articles bear their personal bias obviously; they may even err on the side of an emotional conviction. Still, I think it rather unlikely that a review of a book written by a man I am anxious to praise would degenerate into a parade of prejudices—particularly non-existent ones.

LOUIS UNTERMAYER.

New York City.

BANISHMENT OR DEATH

SIR: Is not the time ripe for the establishment of a penal farm for our intellectuals? Somewhere in Montana, perhaps; however, upon reflection, Alaska, for reasons of climate and isolation, seems to be far the better place. In the good old days in Russia there was a Siberia that served the purpose for Russia. If the intellectual escaped Siberia, he had to fly the country altogether. Now, of course, all the intellectuals have flocked back again, and they are causing no end of trouble. Is America going to be so short-sighted as to dilly-dally with her intellectuals? Quick action is necessary. We must not only prevent an exodus of these agitators to Russia; we must put them all in a place in this country where we can keep an eye on them.

Did not Bernard Shaw, in his preface to *Major Barbara*, give us solemn warning as many as fourteen years ago? Did he not throw up his hands and admit by asserting the contrary, that all his ideas, like the ideas of his fellows, came from beetle-browed Scandinavians and other continental undesirables? Was it not clear to us all, when Ibsen was introduced to us a generation ago, that America's future welfare lay in the cultivation of things to which the cultivation of ideas was quite opposed? Did we not all rise up as one man in opposition to ideas? The time was ripe then to squelch the intellectuals forever. Now is our last chance. The whole country is clamoring for action. And the bagging of the game will be mere child's play; for these intellectuals—many of them—are becoming regular dare-devils, speaking and writing in the open, and those who do not speak and write can be easily identified by their moody and melancholy appearance.

E. C. ROSS.

Miami University, Oxford, Ohio.

Notes on New Books

BIRTH. By Zona Gale. Macmillan; \$1.60.

It is no slight accomplishment to catch the flavor of folk, to render the reality which lies beneath the flat surface of American village existence, but that is what Zona Gale has achieved here. Sometimes by a flash of insight, sometimes by a mere turn of phrase, she illuminates the dullest of incidents so that they take on dignity and significance. It is this quality—the art, with none of the tedium of taking pains—which lends most value to this story. The little town of Borage, which lies not so far from Chicago, is realized in all its tiresome detail, all its emphatic trivialities, and yet the reader's sympathy is held and his interest fed by the keenness of observation. One gets a fresh insight into the uneventful routine of lives whose daily high-water mark of animation is a going downtown to the postoffice—"dusty, fly-specked little hole, where the state functioned as precisely as under hardwood and marble; and, in their tiny glass coffins, marked with worn red letters, were popped missives of death, of life, of love, of unspeakable commonplace."

It is against this background that the gentle life tragedy of a wistful, indecisive little idealist, Marshall Pitt, is drawn—a figure which has no flourish, no positive attractiveness, and is yet presented with a penetrating sympathy. Zona Gale plays a bit off key when she sends him to Alaska, for there is not enough adventure in his soul to carry him that far from Borage, but for the most part she draws a consistent, living character. Marshall Pitt's son is not so successfully rendered; he is too palpably shaped to the needs of the novel—and its title. But it is the father who is the real pivot of interest, and the author has invested him richly with the frail garments of humanity.

THE POETRY OF GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY: A Critical Study. By Louis V. Ledoux. Dodd, Mead; \$1.

In this small volume Mr. Ledoux gives a sympathetic critical study of a poet who should be much better known. Professor Woodberry is no doubt among the number who are admired greatly if at all, but the critic has been careful not to express his admiration in superlatives. He aims rather to analyze the poems than to estimate the poet's place in American letters. Intense spirituality, a passionate loyalty to the ideal with an almost equal devotion to the world of sense, a growing breadth of interest and sympathy, the love of children, an unusually keen appreciation of color and light, and a growing perception of the complete interrelation of all manifestations of the "life-spirit" are the characteristics which have most deeply impressed the critic. "It is," he states, "the passion in Mr. Woodberry, the intensity of his spirituality, the persistence and conviction with which he clings to the

ideal that, with the peculiar iridescence of his style, give to his poetry its distinctive value."

The book abounds in excellently selected quotations from Mr. Woodberry's poetry. To one who is making a quick survey of American literature, but who wishes to know a poet's work more intimately than is possible from studying a list of characteristics, these quotations will have a value apart from that of substantiating Mr. Ledoux's analysis. For characteristics do not make a poem. A convenient bibliography is appended.

TIN COWRIE DASS. By Henry Milner Rideout. Duffield; \$1.25.

In Mr. Rideout's latest story is none of the usual claptrap of the lost heir of the kingdom tale. Tin Cowrie Dass, in his white clothes, pulling the greasy thong to move the linen fan above the manager in a small Hindu bank, is an engaging and real character; his adventures follow with romantic inevitability. Mr. Rideout manages his narrative with skilful suggestion of background, people, and incident, until the comic-opera ending possesses illusion enough to be entertaining. Tin Cowrie Dass, consistent, calmly heroic, offers himself to the reader for a satisfactory hour of adventuring. The story is slight, but the dexterity with which Mr. Rideout presents it compensates for its lack of elaborate plot.

JUNGLE PEACE. By William Beebe. Holt; \$1.75.

It is the true scientist who can run the risk of being imaginative—Mr. Beebe's charming book is admirable proof of that. The timid naturalist or the too frequent desiccated product of the laboratory will protect himself from criticism by the maintenance of a carefully restrained "objectivity"; he will hesitate to be dramatic or narrative for fear of being called anthropomorphic; he will be scrupulous in his observation and records of fact—and infernally dull. He will be meticulous in his cataloguing of the colors of a bird, but he will shun expressing any spontaneous affection for it if it is a beauty, like the scarlet tanager, or any spontaneous dislike for it if it is repellent, like the bald-headed vulture. He will set down in great detail the profusion of plant life in the tropical jungle, but he will shrink from illuminating similes. Least of all will this type of scientist be caught in a sentimental mood; he may, out of the weakness of his heart, rescue a besieged frog from the implacable attacks of army ants, exactly as Mr. Beebe did, but he will not be likely to tell of it. In a word, he will be afraid to be "popular." He will shrink from the tacit criticisms of his colleagues, who too often tend to regard any injection of sap and dramatic vividness into a scientific account as somehow a debasing of science's high estate. The truth is, this attitude is largely superstition. It

springs really from a scientific diffidence and not from scientific exactitude. Aside from the purely technical treatise or discussion, which is of course another matter, the best criterion of the effective and able scientist is whether or not he can let himself go, naturally and easily; whether he is so saturated in his subject that he can be almost naive before it. Mr. Beebe is a scientist whose repute is beyond question, yet he has written a volume more genuinely dramatic and thrilling and picturesque than any adventure tale by a popular novelist. Nor to do it does he have recourse to phantasy—which is so happily employed by that exquisite ornithologist, W. H. Hudson. He devotes a whole chapter to *A Yard of Jungle*, which is exactly what it says it is, a square yard of jungle earth and roots, a few feet thick, teeming with animal and plant life of all kinds, for the mold contained over a thousand different animal organisms visible to the eye, as well as numberless roots and sprouting shoots. And the whole drama of evolution is exhibited in microcosm in that square yard of earth and loam, the whole pathos and humor and irony of the struggle for existence and of nature's inextinguishable vitality. Still more remarkable and illuminating is the chapter on the hoatzins, those extraordinary birds that still preserve the reptilian habits of ages past. Mr. Beebe actually makes one see what life must have resembled millions of years ago, when the future course of their evolution was still uncertain for thousands of zoologically undecided creatures. There is plenty in the book to satisfy scientific curiosity. But Mr. Beebe's distinctive achievement does not consist of this. It consists of his power to summon and vivify the tumultuous life of the jungle and the sea and the tropic earth. Everywhere his observation turns, the panorama of animal or vegetable existence is unfolded, and its inner rhythm and color are disclosed. He catches and transfers to his pages the sting and glow of the never-ending naturalistic drama. And he does it with a literary precision and sensitiveness beside which the conventional stylistic virtues of descriptive writing become tepid and cheap.

OUR NATIONAL FORESTS. By Richard H. D. Boerker. Macmillan; \$2.50.

The necessity for the preservation of our natural resources has been brought home to the American people in recent years in no uncertain tones by the increased cost of lumber, minerals, and other commodities because of prodigal waste in the past. An encouraging phase of this preservation movement is found in the development of our national forests, which at present cover over 155,000,000 acres. Dr. Boerker in this interesting book brings together the many facts connected with forestry as a national problem, with the creation and organization of the national forests, the administration and protection of the national forests, and the sale and rental of forest resources. A number of half-tone cuts, from original photographs, make the author's points more

vivid. The protection of the forests against fires has come to be recognized as a joint problem and duty to be borne by the individual state and the nation. A further step in conservation should be taken by forbidding any timber owner to cut his timber without the consent of the government, and the government should see to it that he leaves the young growth as a basis for the future crop, or provides a new growth of timber by planting young trees. The book is a popular and, at the same time, scientific presentation of a great national problem.

KIPLING THE STORY-WRITER. By Walter Morris Hart. University of California Press; \$2.25.

This is the most comprehensive study of Rudyard Kipling's prose technique which has yet appeared; it can, in fact, probably be regarded as definitive—complete and scholarly—without being stodgy. Professor Hart might have modified one or two of his conclusions and amplified several others, had he extended his survey to the stories collected in *A Diversity of Creatures*, but the permanent groundwork will remain and will not be neglected by anyone interested in the art of the short story.

Professor Hart divides Kipling's prose into three periods—Indian, transitional, and English—and among the many merits of his book, perhaps the most conspicuous is its recognition of the superior quality of the works of Kipling's later, or English, period. After reading the lucubrations of critics whose acquaintance with Kipling apparently ceased with the publication of *The Day's Work* (can it be that they derive their knowledge from the premium sets given away with the works of O. Henry?), it is refreshing to encounter a man who appreciates the perfection of such a little masterpiece as *Marklake Witches*; who realizes that *An Habitation Enforced* is "one of the most utterly satisfactory stories that Kipling has written"; and who avows his belief that *They* is not only its author's best story, but "even one of the best in the English language." In the technique of *The Brushwood Boy*, on the other hand, Professor Hart finds many flaws; though at the end, after comparing it with the two or three other tales on analogous themes in our own or other literatures, he is constrained to admit that "as a story of pure romantic love, [it] more than holds its own."

A few errors of fact and of interpretation may be noted. The *Lost Legion* was not "destroyed by the natives who remained true to the English," but by Afghans beyond the Border who slew for the sake of plunder. Mr. Kipling does not "continue to live at Rottingdean"; for the past fifteen years, or thereabouts, he has lived at Burwash, in the Weald. Finally, Professor Hart, in common with every other critic who has noticed the story, errs in seeming to ascribe the comparative shadowiness of the figures of Ortheris and Mulvaney in

Garm to the late date of its composition; the tale in fact antedates Kim, first having been published in 1899, though not collected until ten years later. In general, however, the book is remarkable for its accuracy.

BACKGROUNDS FOR SOCIAL WORKERS. By Edward J. Menge. Badger; \$1.50.

Infinite are the number of books written on sociology every year. As a textbook, Professor Menge's *Backgrounds for Social Workers* deserves to find its place with the others on our college library shelves. Aside from the discussion of the threadbare yet vital subjects of Marriage and The Family, the writer devotes several chapters to such modern questions as Birth Control, Eugenics, Sterilization, and Sex-Instruction and Training. After all, it is simply a matter of point of view. Professor Menge is neither an advocate of birth control nor sterilization of the feeble-minded and insane. He thinks that the problem can be entirely solved by education—first, of the parents; then, of their children. On the same bookshelf next to Professor Menge's book we might find a physician's discussion of the same subject from the scientific rather than from the moral point of view. One says, train your child to "want" to do the right thing, give him the proper early instruction—and the future will work itself out; the other says, remember the curse of bad inheritance, teach your public the simplest scientific principles—and there will be less misery about us.

We cannot understand the present without a knowledge of the past. The psychological basis of the family today evolved out of the primitive family of the past. Therefore Professor Menge's discussion of the family, though dealing in familiar things, is not out of place. He takes us in detail through the less known phases—the Medieval, the Renaissance, and the Reformation family—in a more interesting way, perhaps, than the average textbook.

COLONIAL MERCHANTS AND THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By Arthur Meier Schlesinger. Columbia University Press; \$4.

There are some things about the American Revolution that have long needed to be cleared up. One of these is the part and conduct of the American commercial interests in the movement. Another is the contribution of the religious groups of the colonies. And still a third is the frontiersmen. The last is perhaps the best understood, thanks to Professor Turner's studies. And now Professor Schlesinger endeavors to clear up the first. He has succeeded in very large degree and where he has not quite satisfied us, he has yet suggested the way to a better understanding. The commercial interests of 1770, let us say, were divided into several groups that did not always recognize common aims. The shipping and importing men of New England were the aristocrats of their section and time. They

wished the world to remain very much as it was. But the English monopolists, notably the East India Company, would not take them in "on the ground floor," as we say. Their agitations in the early part of the Revolutionary struggle were, then, almost exclusively for a betterment of the world from their point of view and not for independence or, least of all, democracy. When they found, as Mr. Schlesinger shows very clearly, that independence and democracy were the aims of Adams and his "agitators," they promptly withdrew from the campaign. The Southern merchants and credit brokers, mostly Scotch dependents of the London tobacco traders, made a class to themselves. They were never free enough to join any radical movement, although the planters, groaning under the burden of usurious debts, like the Western farmers of 1896, compelled from them in the early part of the struggle some sort of assistance. It was hardly different with the Middle Colony merchants. All of these lent some sort of aid to American agitations in the earlier years of the quarrel. Most of them returned to their conservative moorings when democracy seemed to loom.

Mr. Schlesinger has analyzed these groups very well. He has shown just what they did and what they wished, although he has not given names and amounts of fortunes or businesses involved. Perhaps this feature is beyond accurate and definite portrayal. Some help may be got from Sabine on the personal side; something on the economic side from Davis' Corporations, published a year or two ago. One element of the problem has escaped the present author, as it has escaped all his predecessors. That is the effect of the liquor interests of Boston and other Eastern towns. It might seem like exaggeration to suggest that the rum trade was a great factor in the American Revolution. As the story has never been fairly set forth, it might have been brought within the scope of the present work. The positive contributions of the present author are important and numerous. The ebb and flow of the tide of revolution, the hopes and fears of democratic leaders, and the final break of the farmers, the mechanics, and the frontiersmen from the timid merchants are all made clearer than they have hitherto been. And at the conclusion it is once more shown that the merchants and the professional men, the shipowners and the embryo financiers, who were unwillingly dragged along the path of revolt and freedom, united at the end of the war to bring about a federal organization, both social and national in tendency, that would conserve their interests and defeat, as far as might be possible, the aims of the radicals.

Wars seldom attain their ends. It was so in 1783. The merchants set out to get a fairer share of the profits of British trade. They soon found themselves in the midst of a wide-reaching democratic upheaval. This they tried to control. They failed and the real war men went their way to independence. But independence cost so much, and

so many blunders were committed, that the traders got back into the movement and set up a social machine in 1789 that much resembled the British empire which had been so sadly disrupted.

ANTHROPOLOGY UP-TO-DATE. By George Winter Mitchell. Stratford; 75 cts.

This skit runs the risk of not being so popular as it deserves. In the guise of a solid little treatise, with chapter headings like Method, Magic, The Social Unit, The Origin of Exogamy, and with footnote references to Tylor, Frazer, Herbert Spencer, Robertson Smith, and other eminent authorities, the author expounds one current anthropological doctrine after another, to slide off by gradual reductions into the absurd, or again to break outright into burlesque. Or, when the reader is unwary, he will carry him through from thin to thinner theory with straight-faced irony. Half the cants of anthropology are tenderly undraped, all its most hollow pomposities neatly pierced and collapsed. Even he who has but little interest in the verities as opposed to the pretensions of science, cannot but see what game is on foot and smile at its deftness. Mr. Mitchell, who resides at Queen's University, Kingston, is a more than unprofessorial professor. But then he is a professor of the classics, on which the attempt has recently been made to foist some of the crassest products and extensions of ethnology.

The little volume will thoroughly amuse any intelligent reader for an hour. But it carries a moral for the serious minded. If anthropology can be so easily shown up and legitimately ridiculed, what merit can it still claim? The fact is, there are two streams in the science. One is learned but naive, comparative but unorganized, finding evolutions and ready explanations at will, and piling hypothesis on hypothesis as if building high enough on a theory would convert it into fact. This is the anthropology that produces the books on the shelves of well-appointed libraries, and that filters into magazines, Sunday supplements, and parlor conversations. The Socialists have made some of it into a party plank; the colleges spread it before thousands of students—often when the teachers are anthropologists, nearly always when they hail either from biology or from sociology.

The other current knows that knowledge is difficult and laborious, and devoid of short cuts. It does not hope to solve all problems of human evolution by a series of happy guesses over night, but to work out this story piece by piece, with every recourse of technical skill. Its pronouncements are therefore fragmentary and tentative, like all the dicta of true science. This kind of anthropology offers no intellectual panaceas and no stimulus but for the hard thinker. The public naturally has little inter-

est in it. The result is that books like Boas' *Mind of Primitive Man* and Wissler's *The American Indian*, to mention only two recent American examples, have not a tenth the general reputation or influence of the seductively vague and pedantically unsound works of the authors referred to above.

It is by driving a wedge between these two sorts of anthropology, and exposing the sham kind, that Mitchell's wit is justified—and useful.

GOD'S RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE WAR. By Edward S. Drown. Macmillan; 60 cts.

The primary object of this compact modern theodicy is to excuse God from any responsibility for the late war as for the other evils in the world. Incidentally, the principle of non-resistance is disposed of on the best terms possible. Christian teaching creates the metaphysical puzzle as to the problem of evil by simultaneously asserting the divine goodness and the divine omnipotence. Dr. Drown rejects the proposed solutions of dualism, Calvinism, and optimism. J. S. Mill, William James, and H. G. Wells have proposed to resolve the dilemma by abandoning the claim of the divine omnipotence and saving, by that sacrifice, the divine goodness. Dr. Drown is sympathetic toward the suggestion but shows a theologian's reluctance to part with the traditional divine attribute of almightiness. God's power must be redefined as "moral omnipotence." God is omnipotent because goodness, right, and love are omnipotent. But these exclude the use of force. God himself is a pacifist because he cannot, in accordance with the principles of his moral nature, employ "force without stint and without limit." "If God is to produce a moral universe he cannot produce it by force." But is God justified in the use of force defensively—or as a means of opposing force that threatens to dominate the right? Apparently not, for "the cross of Christ becomes the sign and symbol and realization of the supreme power of God. In the cross is revealed the true omnipotence of God." The cross, surely, is the symbol of physical non-resistance as it is of faith in the omnipotence of right.

But why should not force be enlisted on the side of righteousness? Dr. Drown seems to imply that "with God it is impossible, but with men it is possible."

Our purpose is so to use force that force shall yield to righteousness. We are to use force with the deep conviction that force is not the final thing. Force, like John the Baptist, must yield to that which is greater than itself, it must prepare the way of the Lord. It must make straight in the desert of human life a highway for our God.

But is not this after all to appeal to the *interim ethic* of expediency rather than to stand by the abso-

An Appeal To Americans

"Receive ye, oh the captive, and let us prepare an asylum for mankind to dwell in."

HINDUS are indicted under the Espionage Act in America for propaganda, the aim of which was to secure a different political regime for their country. One man, Taraknath Das, an American citizen, faces proceedings for revocation of his citizenship and possible deportation because of his interest in political reform in the land of his birth. Deportation for a Hindu nationalist ordinarily means execution by the British authorities in India.

Whether or not you approve of the activities or point of view of these Hindus, they are entitled to what has always been a traditional American right, the right of political asylum, which has been offered not only to Kosuth, but to Puren, Rudovich, and numerous others who have flocked to these shores from every corner of the globe. Thus the continued prosecution of these Hindus threatens an historic privilege and puts American courts in the position of assisting in doing the bidding of foreign governments. While the war still continues officially, a new and special condition exists during the armistice which should give these cases a special status. Certainly this transitional period is no time for punishment, on the basis of a state of war, which might establish a precedent that may be used in all times to destroy the right of asylum in this country.

These cases must be defended, and a defense fund has been started, with headquarters in New York, to defray the necessary expenses and to insure legal aid and protection to these men. Checks and post office orders should be made payable to Albert De Silver, 26 East Seventeenth Street, New York City.

(Signed)

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lute ethic of Jesus summed up in the precept—"Be ye therefore perfect as your Father in Heaven is perfect"? Hazardous and impracticable as we may feel the pacifists' program to have been, we do not feel that Dr. Drown has overthrown their theoretical stronghold. In fact, he has justified their primary contention as to the character and methods of God.

STAKES OF THE WAR. By Lothrop Stoddard and Glenn Frank. Century; \$2.50.

Few indeed are the reference and text books written in the early part of 1918 which have survived the moderating and tempering influence of the armistice. *Stakes of the War* is one of the few. Although later developments have made for a direct interest in Siberia, the Ural region of Great Russia, the Chinese-Russian frontier, the book keeps its high value as a compendium of the issues and problems which confront the makers of what we hope to be a permanent peace. Practically every other territorial, economic, and national problem that is now to be solved—for better or for worse—is briefly and succinctly stated in this book: Belgium, Alsace-Lorraine, Schleswig-Holstein, Finland and the Baltic Provinces, Poland, Lithuania, Bohemia, the Ukraine, Italia Irredenta, Jugo-Slavia, Macedonia, Albania, Rumania, Dobrudja, Constantinople, Asia Minor, Armenia, Syria, Mesopotamia, Arabia, Egypt, Persia, and the African colonies. With the exception of those territories which the recent activities of the Bolsheviki have made of immediate interest, and the German possessions in China and the Pacific, all the puzzles of the Peace Conference are exposed. It is a credit to the scholarship and fairness of the authors that these puzzles are exposed with absolutely no partisan rancor or bias. The relevant facts of the case are first given, followed by simple explanations of the various proposed solutions. Bibliographies are appended for more exhaustive reference. Maps and statistics are given where needed for the sake of clearness. There is no pretense at exhaustive treatment and no dogmatic assertion that one solution is better than another, although the authors do not mince words in describing a proposed solution as nationalistic or imperialistic, where it is obviously such—whether proposed by the Central Powers or the Entente. Such a volume is of great value today, when conflicting claims of the different nationalities are being laid before American public opinion for its approval and moral backing. Amid the contemporary currents of propaganda and carefully conducted publicity for extravagant or moderate claims this volume becomes a lucid and impartial guide. If it cannot offer final solutions, it can and does reveal

where certain pretensions are manifestly unjust or unwise, or the reverse. Yet even a cursory reading of the book gives rise to one unescapable conviction: that fully fifty per cent of the problems which are engaging the attention of the delegates at Paris can be satisfactorily solved only by some sort of international control, based on the simple philosophy of live and let live. So far as the book can influence our public opinion—and we hope that influence will be great—it will do so wholly in the direction of justice and fair dealing.

THE GREAT CHANGE. By Charles W. Wood. Boni & Liveright; \$1.50.

This book is a series of interviews with the "Leaders in American Government, Industry, and Education who are Remaking Civilization." It is therefore a manual of reconstruction, predigested. Mr. Wood reflects the enthusiasm of Washington in war time—when the city was a strange land filled with people working at high pressure, apparently of their own volition and, apparently, for other interests than personal return. In Mr. Wood's last chapter there is a suggestion that his high hopes, inspired by his interviews with government officials, suffered a check. It doubtless has become evident to Mr. Wood, as it has to others, in the few weeks which have passed since the signing of the armistice, that these hopes were a reflection of the war mind, of the tense anticipation of the incorrigible idealist. But Mr. Wood does not pin his whole faith in the great change to the simple evidence of social service in war time, or to the results of state administration. In his interviews with production managers, with H. L. Gantt, Charles M. Schwab, and Walter N. Polokov, his economics underwent a revision. He saw that in the processes of production rather than in the capture of products there was the opportunity to become masters of industry. "From collective bargaining," he says in his concluding chapter, "workers may gradually advance to collective management; not through any political or debating society but through first-hand acquaintance with the facts." For instance, he saw opportunities for realizing the eight-hour day for which labor has been organizing and contending for thirty years. "I haven't yet been able to demonstrate conclusively," Walter N. Polokov of the Shipping Board told his interviewer, "that men can do more work in six hours than they can in eight. Positively they can do more in six than they can do in ten or twelve; but, owing to certain conditions in the plants where I tried it out, the six-hour experiment is still inconclusive. However," the engineer added, "if America seriously sets out to eliminate *all* the friction in her industrial system we may expect a four, or perhaps a two-hour day. With production simplified and power utilized to its fullest capacity, we could probably produce all

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Ten Years of the Carnegie Foundation: Joseph Jastrow, October 7, 1916.

Report of the Committee on Pensions of the American Association of University Professors. December 2, 1916.

Life Insurance and Annuities for Academic Teachers: J. McKeen Cattell, November 9, 1918.

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Garrison, N. Y.

we want in much less time than six hours; and with distribution simplified we would have no trouble in securing the product for our own enjoyment." "Socialism?" the author asked. "Engineering," Mr. Polokov corrected.

The point which the author makes, and of which his hard-headed comrades would do well to take notice, is this: if the workers' organizations will learn how to eliminate "all the friction" and assume the responsibility of carrying production forward, they may become masters of wealth instead of "a voice" which pipes for a hearing.

CAMPAIGNING IN THE BALKANS. By Harold Lake. McBride; \$1.50.

After the endless political volumes on the war dealing with world plots and world leagues, often no better than metaphysical moonshine, this simple, straightforward account of an actual campaigning experience in Macedonia elicits a sigh of relief. The author served in the British Expeditionary Force which came to Salonika after the conquest of Serbia by the Central Powers in 1915 and there he remained throughout the long period of inaction which so greatly aroused the ire of the newspaper strategists and so profoundly puzzled the general public. His is not a tale of the fury of battle and the exalted heroism which carries a man with his mates and his cause to the summit of existence. His stay in Macedonia befell exclusively in the period of gestation, in the long and wearisome days of road-making, transport organization, and other similar scientific drudgery, when the distant victory had to be prepared by the detailed and intelligent cooperation of the myriad parts of a complicated war-machine. The enemy opposite the front trenches hardly figures in the book; he is quiescent more or less, glad to be let alone. And the British army welcomes the respite while it feverishly applies itself to the job of defeating a more deadly enemy, persistent, snuggling close, Medusa-headed—the wretched land of Macedonia. By telling just experiences, things seen and heard and felt, the author builds up an impressive picture of this in turn writhing and torpid monster of a country, and by very virtue of a sort of commonplaceness of manner, a taking for granted the sacrifices, suffering, and moral courage, he erects an authentic, spiritual monument to his British kin which gallantly stood ground and in the end slew the Python. This Macedonia, synonymous these many centuries with trouble—is there its like anywhere under the sun? It rises before us in these pages, a country without roads, food, or water, a country of rocks, without trees or shelter, a country scorched brown and turned to powder under a blazing sun, a country infested with flies, mosquitoes, and nameless crawling vermin—a country, one should say, to cherish like leprosy. Across this desert land, as chance would have it, the British were obliged to

dig a dike against the German flood, and out of its waste a British officer, using the direct speech of the diarist, has raised his voice to tell of the worth of the British stock.

ECHOES AND REALITIES. By Walter Prichard Eaton. Doran; \$1.50.

GARGOYLES. By Howard Mumford Jones. Cornhill; \$1.25.

THE WINGED SPIRIT. By Marie Tudor. Putnam; \$1.50.

If the market for poetry is as limited as it is said to be, how may one account for the cunning which is lavished in masking much excellent prose in the trappings of half-fledged verse? It frequently appears that the poetic product is in far greater demand than we have been led to believe; otherwise authors would not go so far out of their way to achieve it. There is much alloy, for example, in the poetic character of many things that carry the poetic label in Mr. Eaton's latest book. *Echoes and Realities* is mainly a series of pen pictures—adroit, colorful, human vignettes—which he has consciously cast into rhythms by breaking up the lines into requisite lengths. The author has produced a volume of tasteful prose in the guise of poetry. In the most representative pieces he is concerned less with the inspiration than with the subject, so that his treatment is essentially that of prose. His very titles—*Washington Square*, *The Daily Paper*, *Skis*, *Town Meeting*—these suggest the mood of prose miniatures, extremely graceful in their way, but their way is not the way of poetry.

Turning to Mr. Eaton's love poems, one is impelled to speak in another vein. Here he has taken the stuff of poetry, but failed to sustain it; he exchanges vigor and originality for too much syrup. There is a settled sweetness which quickly dulls the appetite. We find ten poems in a row (pages 89-101), for example, and each one is buttoned up with a kiss, like a tailored jacket. One hungers for "the challenge of a soul more free and wild."

With Mr. Jones, this tendency to treat poetically a subject which might yield more gracefully to prose is seen in the somewhat extended poem, *His Mother*. Here the author is concerned with a psychological analysis of a mother who hears that her son is about to marry. Its opening line—"The first shock of the letter that she had"—displays an unrhymic abruptness which the writer is not able to avoid in several other places. We feel that *His Mother* might have been rendered doubly effective if the impulse to put it in verse had been ignored. However, this poem is not representative of the extreme variety of mood and manner which Mr. Jones has encompassed in *Gargoyles*. The title is well chosen to symbolize the grotesque visages which frequently peer through the thin veils of rhythmic fancy. The poet displays a vivid touch and a facile dominion over words; his style is incisive rather

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The empty campus floods with purple grain
Behind them where they pray; one cloud in vain
Threatens the moon, on dim and ghostly seas
Of silent weather lost; day's emptied leas,
Spilled through the west, tinge heaven a wine-red stain.
Papers are marked. The quarter's past and done.
Two sparrows, chattering, are very loud
Where yesterday I heard a happy crowd
At graduation. Now the belated sun
Drops swiftly, and the vesper air is bowed
With weight of growing stars. The quarter's done.

Of the more than two hundred poems in the Tudor collection, trickling down the pages between wide margins, we cull but one, which is entitled *The Universe*:

Nothing in the universe is fixed,
Nor God—nor purpose.

This absence of a fixed purpose may explain why—after dismissing the universe in two lines—the author should have devoted such a quantity of poems to subsidiary themes. Their creator appears to have regarded them all, however, as but so many colored beads on the thread of her ego. Their texture is uniformly frail; they seem saddened by similarity.

WHERE YOUR HEART IS. By Beatrice Harraden. Dodd, Mead; \$1.50.

It is all very well to put psychological heroines into books, but it is unwise to keep nudging the reader's mind to keep him aware of their psychological aspects. The reader is apt to be rather jealous of his own psychological aspects—and among them is his aversion to being nudged. If Miss Harraden had kept this fact more carefully in mind, *Where Your Heart Is* could have been made a better piece of fiction. The author does less insisting than she used to do, but she still retains vestiges of her ancient fault. This novel is not nearly so guide-posted as, for example, her *Ships That Pass in the Night*, but the landscape is still marred by finger-posts at almost every cross-roads. Miss Harraden needs to sit at the feet of Henry James to learn something of the art of presenting psychological heroines without recourse to labels.

The early portions of this story are more successful than its conclusion. The character of a self-centered woman, a dealer in antique jewelry and collector of precious stones, is made vivid and plausible. Her impulses are sympathetically analyzed, and the balance between her almost fanatical covetousness and her better instincts is carefully held. But when Miss Harraden's heroine is drawn into the war—in order to facilitate her regeneration—then the nudging becomes more conspicuous and

the machinery begins to creak. *Where Your Heart Is* joins that numerous army of converted-by-war fiction, and ends with the author's foot upon the soft pedal while her fingers strike the keys in the too-familiar "carry on" chord.

Books of the Fortnight

The following list comprises THE DIAL's selection of books recommended among the publications received during the last two weeks:

The Only Possible Peace. By Frederic C. Howe. 12mo, 265 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

War and Revolution in Russia, 1914-1917. By Basil Gourko. Illustrated, 8vo, 420 pages. Macmillan Co. \$4.

China and the World War. By W. Reginald Wheeler. Illustrated, 12mo, 263 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.75.

The Movement for Budgetary Reform in the States. By W. F. Willoughby. 8vo, 254 pages. D. Appleton & Co. \$2.75.

The Problem of a National Budget. By W. F. Willoughby. 8vo, 220 pages. D. Appleton & Co. \$2.75.

The Disabled Soldier. By Douglas C. McMurtrie. Illustrated, 12mo, 232 pages. Macmillan Co. \$2.

The Vocational Re-Education of Maimed Soldiers. By Leon De Paeuw. 12mo, 194 pages. Princeton University Press. \$1.50.

Child-Placing in Families: A Manual for Students and Social Workers. By W. H. Slingerland. 8vo, 261 pages. Russell Sage Foundation. \$2.

The Humane Society of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts: An Historical Review, 1785-1916. By M. A. DeWolfe Howe. Illustrated, 8vo, 398 pages. Riverside Press (Cambridge).

Dutch Landscape Etchers of the Seventeenth Century. By William Aspenwall Bradley. Illustrated, 12mo, 128 pages. Yale University Press. \$2.

Currents and Eddies in the English Romantic Generation. By Frederick E. Pierce. 8vo, 342 pages. Yale University Press. \$3.

Dante. By Henry Dwight Sedgwick. Illustrated, 12mo, 187 pages. Yale University Press. \$1.50.

Another Sheaf. Essays. By John Galsworthy. 12mo, 336 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

While Paris Laughed: Being Pranks and Passions of the Poet Tricotrin. By Leonard Merrick. 12mo, 298 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.75.

Shops and Houses. A novel. By Frank Swinerton. 12mo, 320 pages. George H. Doran Co. \$1.50.

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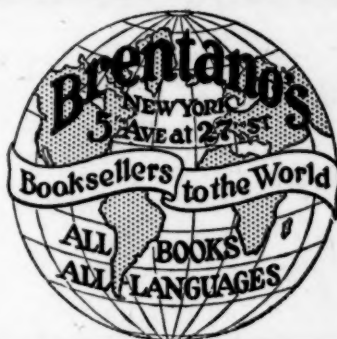
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Current News

Van Wyck Brooks is getting ready for book publication a psychological study of Mark Twain.

About the middle of next month Doubleday, Page and Co. expect to bring out *The Arrow of Gold*, by Joseph Conrad.

Scudder Middleton's recent verse is to be collected into a volume for publication in March by the Macmillan Co. The book will include his *The Lost Singer*, which appeared in *THE DIAL* of November 2, 1918.

Mildred Aldrich, whose *Hilltop on the Marne* and *On the Edge of the War Zone* were reviewed in *THE DIAL* of January 31, 1918, has written another war book—*When Johnny Comes Marching Home*, which is to be published by Small Maynard and Co. early in the spring.

The Marshall Jones Co. plan to issue in the spring an anonymous volume, *Letters from a Prairie Garden; Reconstruction of Churches in the War Zone*, by Professor Goodyear of the Brooklyn Museum; and *The Seven Who Slept*, a novel by A. Kingsley Porter.

George H. Doran Co. will publish in February *American Labor and the War*, by Samuel Gompers; *Ten Years Near the German Frontier*, by Maurice Francis Egan; and *The Riddle of Nearer Asia*, by Basil Mathews.

Edward S. Martin who, at the request of Mrs. Choate, has undertaken the preparation of the biography of Joseph Hodges Choate, requests that any friends of Mr. Choate who have letters which they are willing to entrust to the biographer, either for his information or for publication, send them to him in care of Charles Scribner's Sons.

Leonard Merrick's *While Paris Laughed*, which was reviewed by Ruth McIntyre in *THE DIAL* of June 6, 1918, has just been issued in this country by E. P. Dutton and Co., who announce a uniform edition of Mr. Merrick's books with introductions by English writers. The first of this new series, Conrad in *Quest of His Youth*, with an introduction by Sir James Barrie, will appear in April.

Others are again being published as a monthly, with a new editorial policy that admits prose and the reproductions of pictures, as well as poetry, and even promises the publication of plays. The editors are: Alfred Kreymborg, Lola Ridge, William Saphier, Dorothy Kreymborg, and William Zorach. The present headquarters in New York are at the Washington Square Book Shop, 17 West 8th Street; and in Chicago, the Radical Book Shop, 867 North Clark Street.

The first issue of *The Playboy*—a new periodical attractively got up by Egmont Arens at the Washington Square Book Shop, New York—is dated January, 1919, and is entitled *A Portfolio of Art and Satire*. It contains cartoons, caricatures, drawings, and designs—mostly in the new manners; verse by Alfred Kreymborg, Lola Ridge, Vachel

Lindsay, and others; and a miscellany of undistinguished prose. The mood of *The Playboy* is jocund, its spirit rather acidly contemporary: "Playboy comes with a handful of leaves to fling them over the corpses of the remembered dead. On each leaf will be written a thought of Today, and with such the Past will be buried." But one observes that some of the drawings are dated 1917, 1912, even 1909; that some of the verse has long been in print elsewhere—and wonders. The price is twenty-five cents a funeral.

A Voice Out of Russia, a reprint of important articles on Russia which have appeared in recent numbers of *THE DIAL*, is being issued in pamphlet by the publishers. The reprint contains *Withdraw from Russia!* by The Editors; *Soviet Russia and the American Revolution*, by Lincoln Colcord; *A Voice Out of Russia*, by George V. Lomonosoff; and the *Soviet Decrees on Land and on Workers' Control*. The price of the booklet is ten cents.

The Motor Truck As an Aid to Business Profits, by S. V. Norton (A. W. Shaw; \$7.50) is a practical guide to efficiency in the use of the motor truck in business. Mr. Norton has taken an active part in the development of the motor truck industry and he writes in the light of his own experience and of the experience of a large number of motor truck owners. Subject matter covering 498 pages is rendered easily accessible through careful indexing, and is amplified by many illustrations and charts. Problems confronting owners, and prospective owners, of motor trucks, in business enterprises large and small, are differentiated and analyzed in a direct and lucid way. Efficiency plans for keeping check on costs, for the effective scheduling and routing of delivery systems are made clear. The volume is an addition of first importance to the library of American business efficiency.

Contributors

Norman Hapgood (Harvard, 1890) is president of the League of Free Nations Association. Mr. Hapgood was editor of *Collier's Weekly* from 1903 to 1912, and of *Harper's Weekly* until 1916. He is the author of several books and many magazine articles.

Mildred Johnston Murphy collaborated with her husband, Mr. Charles R. Murphy, in the translation from the French of a volume of poems by Auguste Angellier. Mrs. Murphy is a graduate of Wellesley.

Ralph Block (University of Michigan, 1911) was dramatic critic on the *Kansas City Star* in the pre-war period and has since then been on the staff of the *New York Tribune*. His verse has appeared in the *Poetry Journal* and other periodicals.

The other contributors to this issue have previously written for *THE DIAL*.

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